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THE CHOICE BEFORE INDIA

ON Monday, when Lord Mountbatten meets the Indian leaders, they will be faced with a final choice between unity and partition. Our decision to hand over power was taken a year ago. So far from weakening in this determination, the tendency is now to end our responsibilities, if possible, before June, 1948; for delay can only aggravate the bloody chaos in Northern India. In the more turbulent districts no taxes can be collected and no business carried on. Pandit Nehru, when the question is put to him, will once more affirm his readiness to operate the Cabinet Mission's compromise. But Mr. Jinnah's public declarations are more unyielding than ever, and as time goes on he raises his terms. He has now adopted the fantastic claim of his extremists for a corridor linking the Western and Eastern regions of Pakistan, across 800 miles of Hindu territory.

What the Viceroy is expected to offer, if the hope of a Federal Indian Union must be abandoned, is a procedure that will enable the Muslim majority provinces, in whole or in part, to declare for or against their inclusion in a sovereign, independent Pakistan. The chief difficulty is to devise a method by which, if the Muslims are really bent on separation at any cost, the Sikhs and Hindus of the Eastern Punjab and the Hindus of Western Bengal may declare for the subdivision of these provinces and the inclusion of their districts in Hindustan. The Frontier Province will also have to be consulted and a part of Assam. To our thinking the method of consultation by referendum proposed is likely to provoke furious violence. We should have thought that the vote taken hardly more than a year ago in the provincial elections gave data enough for a decision.

The next stage, when the perilous business of fixing the frontiers of Pakistan is settled, will be the meeting of the Constituent Assembly which will determine its future status. Mr. Suhrawardy, the clever, mercurial Muslim Premier of Bengal, has hinted that this province may decide to become a Dominion. Mr. Jinnah, though he is more cautious in his public statements, probably has the same design for the Muslim North-West. Meanwhile, the centrifugal tendency which he has fostered has affected the more reactionary of the princes, and several of them have declared that their States will maintain their independence and separate themselves from the rest of India. Among them are Hyderabad, Kashmir, Travancore, Indore and Bhopal. Some of these princes also ask for some special relation with the British Commonwealth and hint at their readiness to offer it strategic bases on their territory.

This is a complication which calls for a prompt and clear decision on our part. Our future relations with the rest of India would be dangerously prejudiced if Pakistan were to secure our support by becoming a Dominion, while Hindustan stood outside the Commonwealth as an independent Republic. It is equally obvious that we ought not to back reactionary princes with British bayonets. If we were to do either of these things we should be involved as partisans on the reactionary side in the internal quarrels of the Indian communities. Quitting India must mean the evacuation of the whole sub-Continent. Once that is clear, it may be possible to promote the creation of a loose confederation between Pakistan and Hindustan. What is essential to peace is that they should retain the present Indian Army intact, as their common defence force. If it were to be broken up, as Mr. Jinnah insists, civil war would soon be a grim possibility. These, however, are questions which Indians must settle for themselves. We cannot allow our flag or our troops to be drawn into their future rivalries.

M. Ramadier and the Workers

During the four weeks in which M. Ramadier and his colleagues have been seeking to govern France without the collaboration of the Communists and the C.G.T., the French Government has run into serious trouble. Industrial unrest, to which the Renault strike was a prelude, has been growing steadily. There have already been sporadic token strikes in the docks, the flour mills and, this week, in the gas and electricity industries, which will almost certainly be followed by similar stoppages in other trades. The workers are in a militant mood. For more than a year they have reluctantly abstained from pressing their wage demands. As long as the Communists remained in the Government there was a hope of winning higher rates of pay by other than strike methods. But the Communists have now been driven out, and the present Government—in which, for the first time since the liberation, the Left is in a minority—has come out strongly against the revision of wage scales which was at one time promised for this June. M. Ramadier has now asked the workers to wait until December. He has used emergency powers to requisition the lighting utilities and has taken authority either to mobilise striking workers or to impose heavy penalties upon them if they stay on strike.

The Government clearly believes that any concession to the wage demands will open the floodgates of inflation, but its arguments are unlikely to impress workers whose wages are quite inadequate to meet the cost of living. They complain that they were granted only a 10 per cent advance last year, though they had increased production by over 30 per cent. The more firmly the Government refuses to make concessions, the more it will drift into open conflict with the organised workers. The Communists and the C.G.T. do not desire to encourage an industrial crisis or to create an irreparable split between themselves and the parties composing the Government; nor do they regard it as necessary in view of the readiness of some employers to make wage concessions. The Communists are well aware of the necessity of uninterrupted production to French economic recovery, but have nevertheless had to endorse the workers demands in order to impose some sort of control upon strike outbreaks and upon *les grèves perlées*, or ca' canny, to which workers in some industries are now resorting.

Can M. Ramadier's Government last until the Socialist conference in July? Events may take strange turns in the next few months. France is

running short of bread. The riots at Dijon and elsewhere may be the first of similar outbreaks. Can the French Government stall indefinitely on the workers' wage claims and thus permit the Communists indefinitely to capitalise the unrest among the workers? Or can it afford to let the domestic situation drift into a confusion which can only provide more ammunition for the gibing challenge of de Gaulle's non-parliamentary party?

Dollar Diplomacy and Italy

The twenty-days' interregnum in Italy shows that foreign financial pressure can readily create a political deadlock but less easily solve it. Signor de Gasperi's plan to convert the tripartite coalition into a "reliable" Ministry of National Union, by including in it representatives of the Liberals and of the Right, was clearly conceived as a means of excluding the Communist Party and, if necessary, the Nenni Socialists from the administration. The intended result, which the Christian-Democrat leader doubtless regarded as indispensable for securing the promised but significantly deferred American credits, was achieved; but the formation of a new Ministry has proved no easy matter. The pathetic efforts of the very venerable Signori Orlando and Nitti to form a Ministry of all the (buried) talents having failed, Signor de Gasperi has now persuaded his party to approve the formation of a predominantly Christian-Democrat administration, strengthened by the inclusion, perhaps, of a few "non-political"—i.e. bourgeois—experts. Such an administration may be judged credit-worthy by the U.S. State Department, but it will face the formidable task of trying to govern Italy until the autumn election against the opposition of the whole of organised labour. Moreover, though borrowing dollars may temporarily ease Italy's acute shortage of coal and raw materials, there is little likelihood that Signor de Gasperi, dependent as he will be on the support of the Right, can take any effective steps—by capital levy or otherwise—to deal with the present soaring inflation of the currency or to curb the monstrous growth of the black market.

World Famine

Another Famine Conference has been called for because of the perilous state of European and Asiatic shortages revealed by the International Emergency Food Council. The U.S. Secretary for Agriculture, Mr. Clinton Anderson, wants a meeting of the Ministers of Food and Agriculture by mid-July to discuss measures to prevent the world from being faced, a year from now, by a food problem more difficult than at present. The portentous warnings dissipate once and for all the glib optimism which has been fostered by accounts of the abundant harvests in the New World. World food stocks are at their lowest ebb. Even if Canada, Australia, Argentina and the United States export to the maximum, there will be a critical gap between this year's harvests and the world's needs before next year's harvests. This calls for drastic conservation of the supplies in consumer countries and a curtailment of diversionary uses in producer countries. The British delegate on the International Emergency Food Council was lukewarm about the value of another Famine Conference. Britain, with its praiseworthy record of conservation, can do little more, and can see in the shortages only the maintenance of high dollar prices. The calculations of a flush harvest reducing wheat quotations, which made Britain stand out of the International Wheat Agreement, are upset by the new assessment of prospects.

American Import Drive?

Last week was "World Trade Week" in the United States. Almost every member of the Cabinet delivered a speech pleading for increased imports into the United States. A *Fortune* poll showed that 56 per cent. of the people favoured a low tariff compared with 12 per cent. before the war. At the same time the House of Representatives has passed a Bill to increase the wool tariff sufficiently to exclude all Australian and New Zealand wool, which are the main exports of those countries to the dollar area. The increase has been rejected by the Senate, but there will be pressure to re-instate it. The trouble is not that Congress is failing to carry out the wishes of the people, but that the particular and local desires of certain groups are in conflict with the general needs of the nation. And the President and his Administration, who alone represent the nation as a whole, cannot control Congress, which represents local groups. It is clear to Secretary Marshall, Mr. Acheson and Mr. Stassen that America must import or bust, for her present export-import balance increases the dollar shortage abroad at the rate of 5 or 6 thousand million dollars a year. This must eventually dry up the dollar supply so completely that America would lose her export market and gravely upset her economy. Acheson stresses the need to balance this budget by imports, Stassen suggests free gifts on the lend-lease principle abroad. But to a Congressman large imports may mean ruin for some small firm in his district, and free gifts to foreigners cannot be squared with election promises of economy. It remains to be seen if the Republican leadership in Congress can face its national responsibilities.

Councillors' Expenses

An important step towards making local government in England and Wales genuinely democratic is marked by Mr. Bevan's acceptance in principle of the recommendation of the Lindsay Committee that local authorities should be required (and not merely empowered) to pay travelling expenses, subsistence allowances and compensation for loss of "remunerative time" to councillors engaged on public business. The Committee holds the view that local Government must not become a salaried service, and that the voluntary principle has value. With this in mind it recommends that the compensation for loss of earnings be subject to a maximum of £1 for a full day and 10s. for half a day—a scale unlikely to attract careerists into local administration. The proposed payments, however, are at least sufficient to ensure that there will no longer be such a high proportion of uncontested seats—particularly in the case of County and Rural District Councils—for the simple reason that only the leisured class can afford to serve. The remaining difficulties which will have to be overcome before local government attains a completely democratic status are, first, that many employers, especially in country districts, refuse to give their employees time off to attend council meetings; secondly, that there is still an inhibitive fear of victimisation of employees who stand as Labour candidates. These are evils which cannot easily be eliminated by administrative action.

The Co-ops. and Nationalisation

Mr. G. L. Perkins, in his presidential address to the Co-operative Congress at Brighton, chose to stress possible future differences with the Labour Party rather than present agreement. The Co-operative Movement, he told his audience, is not prepared to enter into a "suicide pact" for the transfer of its services to any form of nationalised country, whether direct or in the shape of some sort of national board or corporation. Obviously he had in mind such possible future projects as the transfer to public operators of the trade in coal or milk, in both of which the Co-operative Societies are already playing a large part. Mr. Perkins was not objecting to any point of the present nationalisation policy, which barely touches Co-operative enterprise, but only to possible extensions of it. His speech undoubtedly raises an issue which will have to be faced before long. Is the fact that part of a service is in Co-operative hands to prevent the setting up of a co-ordinated national system where need arises; and, if not, is there any way of establishing some sort of partnership between the Co-operative Societies and the State for the conduct of such services as milk distribution on behalf of the whole people? Both the Labour Party and most Co-operative leaders have hitherto fought shy of this issue, which did not prove at all tractable when it was discussed a generation ago, as an element in plans of reconstruction after the first world war. The Co-operative Party, rather than the Congress, is the obvious body to take the matter up, and to try to reach with the Labour Party an agreed policy acceptable to both movements as well as to the public.

Bureaucrats and Public Servants

In his speech at Margate Mr. Attlee paid a very proper tribute to the Civil Service and warned the Labour Party not to "overstrain the machine." So clear was it that a Socialist Government would need the finest energies of non-bureaucratically minded bureaucrats that some of us in 1945 begged the Government to retain the services of many of the temporary Civil Servants who, during the war, were roped in from the professions and particularly from the universities. In its latest broadsheet, *PEP* urges that the Administrative Class should be recruited from a wider variety of talent. The most urgent need is for men possessing the talents of good business executives—imagination, drive and balanced judgment—and the suggestion that a proportion of new entrants should be chosen primarily on these grounds, and not only on success in examinations, seems eminently sensible. The authorities had in fact already decided that, although competitive examinations should be resumed, a proportion of recruits to the Administrative Class are to be selected on their record, coupled with a few general tests and an interview. This is one way of ensuring that our Civil Servants are public servants, not bureaucrats.

Bankside

Mr. Silkin made the very important promise that the Bankside power station will be abandoned unless the technicians can guarantee that the sulphur fumes from the new power station will be satisfactorily disposed of. We hope that this promise also covers the danger that an oily cloud may float over St. Paul's and the City. But with these provisos, we feel that the Minister has made out his case for Bankside in spite of the powerful body of opinion against him. Few people now press the æsthetic argument. Sir Giles Scott's model has soothed most people's fears on this head. In any case, owing to the bend in the river, there are few places in which it will be possible to see both St. Paul's and the power station at the same time; though, as the Lord Chancellor has remarked, a cross-eyed man could no doubt see them simultaneously from Shoreditch Bridge or from a boat on the river. The serious criticism is that the Minister is discarding the Abercrombie plan. But his answer here is powerful. The need for a new power station in London itself is very urgent, and the rebuilding for Bankside is not due to start for something like thirty years. By that time, if London is not destroyed by an atom bomb, we shall presumably have harnessed atomic energy to industry, in which case the present power station will be out of date. Today a singularly ugly power station surrounded by squalid ruins occupies the site. Probably the only way in which we shall get rid of this mess and rebuild Bankside with dignity in the near future is by accepting the new power station. There is no reason why theatres, parks and residential buildings should not be built close to a power station provided it is clean and emits no sulphur or oily vapour.

WAR OF THE HEMISPHERES

THERE are two schools of thought on the military uses of the atomic bomb—the "classical" school and the "push-button" school. The first regards it as a new weapon, powerful and rather embarrassing, calling for refinements of strategy, for modification of methods and of the disposition of forces and for structural alterations perhaps in the new warships, but still only a weapon in the armoury of the existing Services. The second regards it as a Jovian thunderbolt, or a quiverful of thunderbolts, which, at a signal, will strike at the vital centres of the enemy nation and, with scientific thoroughness and without the intervention of the traditional fighting Services, will paralyse it beyond recovery.

The first school prevails at the moment. It insists on bigger and better navies, bigger and better air forces and bigger and better armies, on the argument that atomic-bombardment is just a barrage on a continental scale, with mobile forces needed for the follow-through and the occupation. This school dictates political strategy: the Truman intervention in Greece and Turkey, the policy in China, the tacit annexation of Japan, the bases in the Pacific, and the struggle for the glacis represented by the countries of Eastern Europe and the Balkans and by Germany itself. This is the strategy of holding bridgeheads and future launching sites, and maintaining garrisons to prevent a potential enemy from advancing his bases for reciprocal attack. It dictates the Middle Eastern policy because it depends on the oil for its swarming air-fleets and its mobile land and sea forces. It determines Britain's defence budget of £900,000,000 and the £60,000,000 a year which is being spent on research—apart from atomic research—for the fighting Services. It requires the commandeering of more and more acres of British moorland and countryside for battle-courses in which troops are trained in how to come to grips with an enemy which the second school of thought says they will never see.

When the bomb exploded, the scientists said, and repeat to-day, that any country with the scientific and technical resources would reproduce the bomb within two or, at the most, five years. Twenty-two months have now elapsed since the first bomb was detonated at Los Alomos. And, once two or more nations possess the bomb, the whole picture changes.

Then it will not be a clinch of armies on the field of battle, or navies steaming to war-stations or even clouds of bombers. It will be a desperate and horrific effort to adminster the *coup de grace* not only with atomic bombs but with even more revolting weapons which the nations now hide in their armouries—bacterial warfare, chemical warfare and death-clouds of radio-active gases—in an insensate attempt to paralyse and destroy, without the refinements of "follow-through" or armies of occupation.

That is the argument of the second school of serious expert opinion to which Service Chiefs listen but perhaps do not heed, and which, if valid, makes nonsense of present strategy and, above all, of Britain's defence policy.

Consider the facts. An atomic bomb releases at least three million times as much energy, weight for weight, as the most powerful chemical explosive. By the time atomic bombs are again ready for use they will have a discharge a hundred or even a thousand times as great. They can be made in quantity and (in terms of relative effectiveness) at less cost than chemical high-explosives.

The United States realises that its present advantage in atomic warfare lies in having a flying start and being able to concentrate vast resources and expenditure of limitless money. To-day other Powers can profit by America's trials and errors in types of production. Industrial plants now being created will take the short cuts and will be cheaper and more efficient. The "secret" lies only in finesse and not in fundamentals; the "know-how" has become "learn-how," and Professor Joliot-Curie, French High Commissioner for Atomic Energy, has, although barred from the American "secret," given details of a bomb which, if not an exact replica, would be as disastrously effective.

It is estimated that any country with the scientific and technical resources could, by spending £300,000,000 on industrial plant and at an annual cost of £30,000,000 a year, produce the equivalent of 4,000,000 tons of high-explosive in the shape of 200 or more bombs a year.

These could be "delivered" either by fast-flying stratospheric aircraft, from land bases or carriers; or by guided missiles—super "V2s"—from fixed sites or from intruder submarines; or by radio-controlled mines concealed in advance in the target area, the "refrigerators" to which official Americans sometimes refer in their speeches or testimonies. It can be disputed whether the exploit of the lone aircraft which annihilated Hiroshima could be repeated over a land-mass country, with facilities for detection and interception, or whether escorts and diversionary raiders would have to be used to mask the "Queen" carrying the bomb. In any event, however, the forces required would not be on the scale demanded for the massive bombing raids on Germany. It is also suggested that long-range rockets have a doubtful accuracy, but big advances have been made on the V2. Automatic navigation and radar-controls can direct the missile approximately to its target while "homing" devices, like those which respond to the heat of an industrial plant or to the radar-echoes of a town or to various refinements of the proximity fuse, can bring it on the target. Moreover, as Professor Leo Szilard, one of the "top-scientists" in the development of the bomb, says in the current U.S. *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*: "Giant bombs which disperse radio-active substances in the air may be set off far away from our cities. . . . The buildings of our cities would remain undamaged, but the people inside those cities would not remain alive."

These atomic weapons would be only part of the hellish armoury of attack. Biological warfare has advanced to an extent which makes it, in the opinion of many scientists, more revolting and horrifying than the physical effects of the bomb. We know from Hiroshima and Nagasaki the biological effects of the radiations from the atomic bomb itself, even when it was detonated at a height so that the radioactive chemicals spiralled upwards in that mushroom cloud. Thousands who survived the blast and the solar heat of the explosion itself and the furnace-draught fires which spread a typhoon of flame, died weeks later from the effects of radiations which produced cancer of the blood or destroyed the white-blood cells so that they died of the slightest infection. Babies died unborn in the womb. Men and women were sterilised, at least temporarily. Ten months after Bikini one of the target ships is still radio-active and unsafe for human beings.

It is unlikely that, in an all-out attack, in which destruction without occupation (with residual risks to your own side) is the objective, there will be any scruples about the radio-active chemicals from the bomb. Indeed methods have been devised for using the radio-active poisons which are generated in the atomic piles producing the plutonium for the chain-reaction bomb-charge. These by-products of bomb-production which become available in large quantities will be distributed by any convenient method—gas-bombs, etc. Many of them combine with the chemicals in the soil or metals or concrete and cannot be removed. Radio-active phosphates, for example, would fertilise the soil with death. Thousands of square miles of country could be rendered uninhabitable.

Invisible legions of virulent germs and other organisms are waiting to launch a man-made pestilence. Strains have been bred which will defeat the resistance of normal vaccines and, before the bacteriologists have identified them and produced the specific against them, plagues will have run amok. Diseases of plants, animals and men could be let loose in this way.

But there is a powerful deterrent to this kind of warfare: pestilence owes no loyalties; it may recoil upon its creators; it can pervade in unpredictable ways—the natural influenza pandemic of 1918 is a clear instance. It not only ravaged war-stricken Europe but healthy America as well; in India, it killed more people than the total casualties of all the belligerents in four years of war and decimated the populations of remote South Sea islands. If you inoculate your own population in advance against what you are going to use, you have forewarned your intended enemy.

Then there is chemical warfare. This is no longer that array of gases against which we were schooled and supposed to be protected in the last war. Mustard gas and lewisite and the others are polite condiments compared with the insidious malignancies which have been devised. Men have taken the processes of nature and perverted them. Some may be familiar with the selective weed-killer which can be used to kill off the weeds in a cornfield without harming the corn. This is a plant hormone, a chemical like those secreted by the human glands. This chemical produces a kind of convulsions in the plants it attacks; it kills them by inducing irrational growth so that they are contorted. A human analogy would be the disease acromegaly due to abnormality in the pituitary gland so that its secretion causes gigantism in the hands and feet and the lower jaw, as well as massiveness in the bones generally. This utilitarian weedkiller is just a hint of the kind of thing which in more generalised and extreme forms would be used in war against vegetation and, it is not beyond possibility, against men and animals. Men in that malevolence to their kind which is glorified as patriotism have taken Nature and grotesquely caricatured her.

In the totality of such a war, in which the objective is to destroy by simultaneous blows capital cities, centres of population, industrial production and military installations by atomic bombs, poison the earth and make it uninhabitable, let loose plagues and deluge the population in unmentionable horrors, the role of armies and navies and even air forces becomes insignificant. The whole combination is designed to paralyse the enemy population and leave it, like a man abandoned with a broken spine, to rot and starve in the ruins which it would be death for the victors themselves to enter. It is Wells' *Shape of Things to Come* written into the military text-books.

But to what end? We know now by bitter experience that the victor has to pay to keep the vanquished alive because the miasma of pestilence and death would spread its blight; that you cut the nerves of your enemy's economic system and leave a whole continent crippled; and that, even if the breadth of an ocean separates you from the graveyard you created, the ghosts share your breakfast table and your Rotary Lunch.

Without elaborating what America or Russia imagine they can achieve, it is enough to contemplate the fate of these islands, if we should become involved in the war between the Hemispheres. The advantage, unequivocally, lies with the aggressor and by no conceivable stretch of the imagination can Britain ever be the aggressor.

But we might, in common with Greece and Turkey and Iceland, be an advance base for America. As the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* says in its current editorial, "The nations in which our advanced bases are situated will become open to destruction even with present-day rockets and planes as the only means of delivery. America may thus be able to keep those advanced bases only at the expense of exposing these friendly nations to total devastation and, thus, probably (*sic*) against their will."

The nation attacked may be the aggressor as

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far as we are concerned, because, whichever side we were on, the other would count it cheaper to eliminate at the outset the war potential of Britain than to make any attempt at occupation. If we became an aircraft carrier or a rocket-site we would be as vulnerable as the *Lusitania*. If we attempted to develop an atomic-bomb production industry we should be asking to be Coventrated. If we seriously meant business we should have to stockpile ten times as many atomic bombs and those Grand Guignol ancillaries, as "the other fellow." And once we had loosed them we would be out of business—and out of existence—because there would be no time for conversion to war potential. The knowledge that we possessed the reserves might be a deterrent to the outbreak of war, but it could never save us from destruction if we became involved in war.

Nothing could save us once we were so involved—not the Greeks and the Turks drilled by Mr. Truman's drill-sergeants; not Middle-East oil; not a standing army however large; not a navy; not even an air force; not our Dominions and not our allies. We might be avenged, but that is poor consolation.

We have a choice. We can pursue the present policy of classic preparedness and humour the Chiefs of Staff and Lord Portal of Hungerford by having a few sample atomic bombs, or we can renounce finally and absolutely any part in an atomic war and declare a policy of neutrality. In the first case we would not be quick enough on the draw; in the second we should at least cease to invite disaster.

Professor Szillard says (how truly): "Neither United States nor Russia want a war. They just want to win the war if there is one." Britain has not even that philosophic difficulty; it does not want a war and knows that whichever side won in the clash of the Hemispheres, she would lose it . . . posthumously.

RITCHIE CALDER

SOLIDARITY IN THE SUNSHINE

Margate, Tuesday afternoon.

THERE were three American correspondents at Bournemouth. This year the foreign press seems to have invaded Margate *en bloc*, along with a retinue of Councillors from foreign Embassies. Word had gone around that history would be made at Margate, and on Sunday night the bars of the big hotels along the front were full of exciting rumours about clashes between Mr. Bevin and the "rebels" and secret deals with the Trade Union leaders. There seemed to be a general assumption that the Conference would consist of a series of dramatic debates between the Government and the opposition within the Party.

Actually this sort of speculation was the result of a combination of journalistic wish-fulfilment—how can a Conference be written up except as a clash of personalities?—and of sheer ignorance. Neither the constitution of the Labour Party in conference nor the mood of the Movement permits of such stage heroics. True, on one or two occasions during the last two years the House of Commons has been the stage for a sustained debate between the Government Front Bench and the various groups of critics behind it. But the Standing Orders of the Labour Party and the methods employed to boil down some seven hundred resolutions and amendments into a set of "composites" rule out any sustained conflict between the Executive and its critics. The Party in conference does not debate across the floor; it confers from the floor with an Executive high above it on the platform. And the resolutions which the delegates this year have wanted to debate are not the current topics of House of Commons controversy, but the long-standing interests of hundreds of Constituency Parties and Trade Unions.

Even under a Labour Government with a huge majority, the House of Commons soon becomes an exclusive social organism with its own way of life, its own standards of importance, and its own assessment of personality. The Party Conference, on the other hand, despite all its imperfections, is a genuinely popular assembly. These 1,200 men and women, listening appreciatively but drowsily to an excellent speech by James Callaghan on the Colonies or applauding the revivalist fervour of Rhys Davies before they overwhelmingly voted down his resolution against conscription, are a very fair cross-section of the organised Labour Movement. And the Labour Movement has during the past ten years itself become a cross-section of the nation. When they are bored, their boredom epitomises a national boredom. The conflict between their emotions and their reason is a national conflict. And, most important of all, their good-humoured determination to give a hearing to the critics but to accept Mr. Morrison's advice that the boat should not be rocked when stormy weather is just ahead, is most probably also a national mood. Even the card vote of the big Trade Unions, which shocks the constituency delegate for whom Margate is his first conference, has an elemental realism about it, reminding the politician that organised Labour, both in town and country, is the factor on which, in the last resort, the nation as much as the Party must depend.

If the atmosphere of this Conference is a true reflection of what is going on outside, the Labour Movement, though it may be anxious and dissatisfied about specific issues, is intensely proud of the Labour Government and soberly aware of its responsibility to the nation. Accordingly, the victory parade mood of last year has been replaced, not by a struggle between Left and Right, but by an all-inclusive pride in "our Government" and a sense of solidarity in face of the economic crisis which every delegate is aware lies very close ahead. Of course, if the Conference remained in session even for six weeks, sections and groups would quickly form and the solidarity be overlaid with tactical controversy. But in five crowded days there is no time for delegates to become professional politicians, and for that very reason the Conference has a special value in bringing together the Parliamentary Party and the Movement outside.

As far as the card votes were concerned, the results were fixed over the week-end. It was always known that the T. and G. and the N.U.G.M.W. would support the Executive throughout. But the miners' attitude was uncertain until the delegation met on Saturday. Their decision to give general support to the Government, including its foreign policy, made some people talk of a deal. But the fact seems to be that Sam Watson plainly defeated Arthur Horner and thereby assured Mr. Bevin of an overwhelming majority. So that was that. But there is nothing to suggest that the constituencies are up against a Trade Union block. When called upon to elect their own seven members of the National Executive, they re-elected all their last year's choices. But as if to show their broadmindedness the constituencies made Crossman and Driberg runners-up, with Mikardo and Zilliacus some way behind. Indeed, the most remarkable feature of Margate so far has been the complete absence of any rift between the industrial and political sides of the Movement and the prevailing good humour. Critics are heard and cheered as heartily as loyalists chiefly because the Party is no longer scared of its own Left, regarding it as a healthy, salty ingredient. It likes to be reminded to "Keep Left" so long as the Left is not intriguing to seize the wheel. On the other hand, the dislike of the Communists, as last Monday's skirmishes showed, is stronger than ever. But it is now mixed with a new contempt which permitted the issue to be dismissed after a few minutes by a show of hands. This must be the only country in Europe where Democratic Socialism can afford to be contemptuous of the C.P.

The tolerance and good humour of the Conference is partly due to the readiness of the Executive to learn from last year's mistakes and to make sure that delegates will not again be satiated with Ministerial speeches. This year, apart from Bevin, only members of the Executive are speaking, and then solely in answer to the debate. Moreover, the members who are not in the Cabinet have been given a more prominent role. This had the odd result of making Harold Laski read a speech prepared by Creech Jones. But, on the whole, the new system is preferable to the old; and Noel-Baker in the chair has reduced the sense of frustration to a minimum by giving the floor a latitude which has not been abused. On Tuesday the Prime Minister once again proved that comradeship for him is not an embarrassing sentimentality but a spring of action. He responds to the atmosphere of Conference with warmth and real leadership. But the keynote was struck quite unexpectedly by Walter Nash in the first session. Fraternal greetings are usually a time-wasting ceremony, but Nash, as a New Zealander, managed to express the philosophy of British Socialism, saying simple and moving things which Englishmen cannot say about themselves without embarrassment but can listen to with pride.

It is too early still to write in detail of the debates. That the Conference thinks for itself on those issues which directly affect the working class was shown clearly enough by the defeat of Nye Bevan on the issue of tied cottages in an otherwise placid debate on agriculture. Something similar may happen when a "Keep Left" resolution on the reduction of the armed forces and another on equal pay come up for debate. Both are being opposed by the Executive. On the other hand, the delegates, when they come to foreign policy, are likely to vote one way and feel another, as they did last Monday on conscription. Anxiety about the international situation is as strong as the dislike of national service. The Conference wants to have that anxiety expressed, and may applaud it as they did the magnificent oration of Rhys Davies and his string of pacifist supporters. But that is about as far as most delegates want to go this year. For behind the Executive looms the shape of "our Government," and very few are prepared to vote against it on an issue of confidence. Sheer loyalty pulled the Party through the disasters of 1931. Now that loyalty is combined with pride in achievement and a grave sense of responsibility, it has become an irresistible force. This lays an immense burden on the leadership, which has been told at Margate that the Movement is behind it wherever it may lead.

PHINEAS

A LONDON DIARY

NOT all White Americans from the South will defend lynching but most of them will. I recall the first conversation on the subject I had with a lecturer from a Southern college. He described how in his home town a Negro, accused (on no sort of evidence) of attacking a White woman had been taken out and chained to an iron stake. A fire had been built up round the stake and the Negro slowly burnt to death as he ran desperately in shortening circles to escape the flames. Was that a usual pattern? Well, there were many variants. More often, the Negro would be strung up over a slow fire, but, if he was lucky he'd die before he was completely roasted because some maniac in the White crowd would let off a revolver and the tortured body would be riddled with bullets. My informant had himself been present at a lynching. Did he or anyone else try to interfere? Of course not. They themselves would have been promptly lynched. And did no one even worry about whether the crime had taken place or ever been attempted or whether the victim had had anything to do with it? No, I was told; that was really irrelevant. No particular crime was being avenged. The Negro population was being warned never to forget that the coloured man in the South is still a slave, that between him and the White man there can be no law, no claim to justice.

* * *

The acquittal of twenty-eight self-confessed lynchers in the South last week is remarkable only because it is unusual for lynchers to be arrested and tried. The trial at least shows an

awakening of judicial conscience and the comments of the press in New York and other Northern States makes one hope that a new effort is to be made to end what is the most terrible of all American evils. There are many thousands of civilised Americans who feel about lynching as we do in this country. Great strides have been made in Negro education and the attempt to impose the Fair Practices Act during the war was a testimony to the improvement in the Negro's economic position as well as a testimony to the wisdom and humanity of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. Unhappily, as his position improves and here and there a Negro wins the opportunity to prove that his intellectual potentiality is as great as the White's, so fear of Negro emancipation grows and terrorism is increased to counter-act it. So far every effort to end lynching and give the Negro a fair legal deal in the South is frustrated. Southerners will tell you that they "love the Nigger as long as he keeps his place," but that it is only by occasional spectacles of torture and terror that he can be made to keep his place. Without these he'd push you off the sidewalk instead of walking in the gutter; he'd get fresh with White women—the racial jealousy that is more fundamental even than the fear of Black economic competition; he'd remember that in some Southern States he far outnumbers the Whites against whom he might be tempted to avenge some two centuries of outrageous wrong. So, to many otherwise civilised people, the business of lynching seems an unfortunate necessity—as concentration camps did to so many Germans. Of course the decent people do not do the lynching, but because they are silent about it justice is mocked not only in South Carolina but in many Southern States, and, because justice is mocked, gangsters, at times of anti-Negro hysteria, can terrorise the country-side, stealing from Negroes, beating them up, framing charges against them and defeating the efforts of those many fine men and women, White and Black, who still seek to persuade the Negro that he may yet, without violence, share as a free man in the American Way of Life.

* * *

"If you had been here last Sunday," a friend writes from Paris, "you would clearly understand how much the popularity of the Communists springs from their claim to inherit the revolutionary tradition. The red flag and the barricades mean much more to the French than to the English workers, most of whom have even forgotten their grandfathers' struggle for the vote. I stood in the cemetery of Père Lachaise for more than five hours watching a vast procession of men and women who had come to pay their tribute to the martyrs of the Paris Commune. Thorez, Duclos and leaders of the resistance and trade union movements reviewed the marchers as they passed the wall where the Communards made their last stand, pausing to dip their banners and to lay enormous wreaths of roses, lilies and carnations. Close by, the monument erected to the F.F.I. leaders killed in the 1944 insurrection was also covered with flowers. This was not just a formal anniversary. Three times in the last hundred years the Paris workers have come out to die in their streets for an ideal. These men and women, singing the *Internationale* as they filed up through the cemetery in blinding sunlight, were really facing the 'last fight.' For the Communists, this demonstration was a trial of strength. They think and talk not about the Soviet Union but about their own revolutionary France. For the first time since 1934, the Socialists decided not to participate and to hold a separate meeting next week. The immense crowd, numbering hundreds of thousands, was a testimony to the satisfaction which Paris workers feel that 'their' party had chosen to be excluded from the Government rather than compromise."

* * *

Since it came to life a few weeks ago, at a public luncheon, the *Friends of India* group has been gathering further support and discussing its future line of action. Indians in England have always had their own organisation for the purpose of putting their case to the British public. The new group is something wholly different. It consists of Englishmen of all parties interested in India, among them Sir Stanley Reed, Sir George Schuster, Leonard Elmhirst, Woodrow Wyatt and H. N. Brailsford. Though its membership is entirely British, it will, of course, promote discussion with Indians and welcome Indian guests. For that purpose it has with it as liaison officer, Sudhir Ghosh, who is now in charge of public relations on the High Commissioner's staff. It is planning for the new era that lies ahead of us, after India has attained her independence, in the belief that Indo-British relations may then become happier and more intimate than they have ever been in the past. It means to include in its field of vision cultural and economic as well as political questions.

* * *

Few broadcasters have made so swift and serious a success as Graham Hutton. It is no surprise to me that he should prove a fluent and attractive expositor of economic problems; I knew him as a student at the London School of Economics, as a contributor to this journal, as assistant-editor of the *Economist* and, during the war, as one of the pair who strove, in a small office, under the vast and menacing shadow of the *Chicago Tribune*, to present the "British point of view" to the Middle West. In America he learnt one thing which public men in this country are extraordinarily slow to understand. He knows that broadcasting is an art, a medium of its own which can only be mastered by many hours of labour both on the script and on the presentation. Because Hutton has a beautiful voice and has taken the pains to make himself a very good broadcaster, he deserves his success. The B.B.C. should meet criticism that he presents the case too much from the capitalist angle by finding, if they can, another equally lucid and good broadcaster who would present the analysis from a different angle. Such a feature, followed up by a discussion group, should be continued, under varied but always reasoned and expert leadership, throughout the period of economic crisis.

* * *

I wrote some weeks ago about the financial difficulties that were handicapping the work of the Reception Committee for Young People from Occupied Countries (29 Portman Square, W.1) which gives long holidays here to boys and girls from France, Holland, Czechoslovakia and other countries. I hear that Dame Sybil Thorndyke's wireless appeal for this Committee, which described what such a holiday really meant to children who had been in German occupied countries during the war, has brought a considerable sum of money and that more has and is being raised by a series of excellent concerts and lectures. But more support is wanted for one of those really constructive and imaginative bits of private enterprise that I hope will continue in a Socialist world.

* * *

Lord Addison did well to be angry with a peer who, in spite of his scientific pretensions, gives countenance to talk about British "starvation." As for Lord Woolton I should have thought shame would have prevented him from casting such doubts on his own achievements, let alone his good faith. He rightly claimed to have fed England during the war and rightly boasted that, in spite of restrictions, the national standard of health had improved. Well, food is rather better and more varied than it was during the war; there are far more unpointed goods, and, amongst other improvements, we now get fish. Bread is rationed, but I've yet to hear of anyone who is short of it. And the national health statistics show no signs of decline from their very high level. No, people who talk about starvation should go to China or India, to some parts of Russia and Eastern Europe, to German towns and to the slum districts of countries like Italy where food is distributed not according to need, but according to financial capacity. The truth is that everyone is disappointed that the world food situation is still bad; housewives hoped long ago to have seen the last of queues; and workmen, especially in areas where canteens and coffee stalls are not available, would feel fitter for manual work if they had more meat and fat. So should we all for that matter, but that is nothing to do with "starvation." This is a dishonest political stunt.

CRITIC

WHY HAITI?

Unesco's first practical project is an experiment in fundamental education . . . in Haiti.—Manchester Guardian. May 17th.

UNESCO announces a culture offensive
In Haiti's luxuriant plantations,
The first forward thrust in their mission extensive
To primitive civilizations.
There tribal behaviour is found in perfection,
There tabus enjoy popularity,
But why are the Haitians Unesco's selection
As the pattern of backward barbarity?

They say that the Haitians murder their Presidents,
And the charge, with reserve, is admitted,
But they seldom exterminate innocent residents,
And if guilty, would not be acquitted.
Their cultural level could doubtless be heightened,
They are suffering poverty's ravages,
But richer communities, classed as enlightened,
Breed many less amiable savages.

Unesco's mass media for cultural diffusion
Their tribal tabus can obliterate,
But few anthropologists hug the delusion
That only the blacks are illiterate.
In Haiti survivals of dark superstition
Give mankind less cause for anxiety
Than the obvious breakdown of Western tradition.
In an urban progressive society.

And now that the task has been laid on Unesco
To raise educational levels
For Borneo cannibals dining *al fresco*
And Voodooists worshipping devils,
Though their mission to Haiti will come as a blessing,
And to Shamans in Lapland and China,
The need for instruction is even more pressing
For White natives in South Carolina.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Miss G. M. King.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Addressing a meeting of the Sawbridgeworth Conservative Association, the Chairman, Mr. C. S. Wentworth Stanley, is reported to have said:

"Throughout the Divisional Area we have *anti-Socialist* local government. This is a good thing, because politics should not be introduced into local affairs."—Letter in *Herts and Essex Observer*.

For Sale, Attested Ayrshire Bull, two years, quiet and effective; no Sunday business.—*Whitehaven News*.

Sums of up to £70 have been offered for a motor-car of 1931 manufacture which was borrowed from a local car breaker by the Cambridge Accident Prevention Council to advertise a road safety film.—*The Times*.

All the week—special added attraction—full-length official film of the Baksi-Woodcock fight. See Bruce's eyes close—one by one—see and hear the jaw-breaking left hook in close up—shudder at the thud as man meets canvas. Exclusive to this theatre.—Cinema advertisement in *East Kent Gazette*.

BURMA TO-DAY

[The author of this article has just returned from a 2,000-mile tour of Burma, which he visited as Chairman of the Committee of Inquiry appointed to inquire into the best method of associating the frontier peoples with the working-out of the new Constitution for Burma.]

THE first impression I received on my return to Burma, after a year's absence, was of the great strides that had been made both politically and economically during this period. There was a different feeling in the air, a better spirit between the British and the Burmese. Trade seemed slowly to be recovering its feet, especially in Rangoon, which I left in June, 1946, as a battered, almost deserted, city and which now teems with life—too much so, indeed, for the municipal authorities, who are concerned over the sanitary problems involved by the trebling of the population.

A salient fact which is not, I think, generally known is that the London agreement made between the British Cabinet and the Burma delegation saved many lives, British and Burmese. If the agreement had not been reached, undoubtedly armed insurrection would have broken out. The Burmese themselves did not believe that an agreement would be reached, and in certain isolated areas in that part of the country in which Aung San's opponents were strong, just before the elections in April, there was an abortive attempt at an armed insurrection. Since the January agreement in London, effective power has been transferred to Burmese hands. Aung San has become to all intents and purposes the Prime Minister, and his colleagues, who are legally merely members of the Governor's Executive Council, constitute, in fact, a Cabinet. The Governor has become a "constitutional monarch" and more often than not does not attend Council meetings. Senior British officers, especially in the administrative service, who fall due for leave, are being allowed to retire and their places filled by their Burmese colleagues. The Chief Secretary and most of the permanent officials at the head of the various Government departments are Burmese and so to an increasing extent are the Commissioners and Deputy Commissioners in the districts. In a year's time a British official in a senior administrative post will be a rarity.

The elections themselves were quiet and formed a true indication of the country's feeling. Aung San has captured the imagination of the people of Ministerial Burma, who regard him as their deliverer from the Japanese. His title of General or "Bojok" is one which appeals to their traditional admiration for titles of this kind. It was for Aung San, rather than for A.F.P.F.L. or for its candidates, many of whom were entirely unknown in the constituencies in which they sought election, that the people voted. In mid-Burma, in the Communist stronghold around Pinmana and Pyu, there was evidence of threats against people who desired to vote for A.F.P.F.L.

The difficulties that the Government is under are partly due to the fact that the transfer of power has been diverted from a revolutionary to a constitutional path by the association in September, 1946, of A.F.P.F.L. with the Governor's Council, by the London agreement and by the wise and steadfast guidance of the Governor, Sir Hubert Rance. This has meant that the revolutionary party has found itself in the seat of government. Strikes and armed insurrection have had to be suppressed by the very people in whose hands they were to be an instrument. An understanding of this curious situation provides the key to many of the difficulties and developments in Burma.

The Burmese Ministers are young. Aung San himself is only 32 and he is by no means the youngest of the leaders. They are idealistic, honest and in many cases inexperienced. They are, however, learning fast and jettisoning various theories which do not fit into the pattern of government. Politics and the elections have taken up a good deal of Ministerial time; there has therefore been a tendency for routine administration to be neglected, but this now undoubtedly will be remedied, although the forthcoming meeting of the Constituent Assembly on June 1st and the necessity for the production of a blueprint of the future Constitution of the country will again be a distraction.

Conditions in mid-Burma before the election were much disturbed. When at the end of March I travelled on the road from Rangoon to Mandalay, I was escorted over a considerable part of it by two sections of Indian Cavalry in armoured cars and a platoon of lorried infantry. This force was what the military authorities considered to be necessary to safeguard one British politician over the main road in the heart of Burma.

Trade and commerce were, for a time, badly affected by social disorder. The Communists persuaded many persons, who were not difficult to persuade, that rent and taxes should be withheld and that those who wanted rice should merely go to the nearest store and take it. By these means and by the wholesale and highly organised smuggling of rice from lower Burma to Malaya, many lacs of rupees in revenue were lost and the target of nine hundred thousand tons of exported rice this year has been reduced to three-quarters of a million.

Before the war three million tons of rice were exported annually and it is the intention of the Government to play its part in world recovery by reaching this amount again as soon as may be. During occupation there was no export of rice, consequently I noticed as I went about the country large areas which had fallen out of production, the fields neglected and the homesteads deserted. It will be a back-breaking task to get the land into production once more.

The oilfields and the mines were "scorched." It is essential to ensure that the oilfields are brought back into production, since before the war out of an average of 49¼ crores of rupees provided by the exports of Burma, no fewer than 10¼ were yielded by the sale of oil. Whether the oil industry is nationalised or whether it is allowed to remain in private hands, it is essential that the industry be restarted and revenue from this source to Government regained. As to the mines, these are not in Burma proper at all; they are in the frontier areas. The Bawdwin and Namtu mines were so successfully "scorched" that some £3,000,000 will have to be spent in restoring them and there are suggestions that the life of the mines may not be a long one. Here it is not a political decision but one by His Majesty's Government on war damage compensation that is required, for the Sawbwa of the State in which the mines lie told me that he is most anxious to have them restarted. The great Mawchi wolfram mine has commenced production again, but there the Japanese in working it damaged the mine and there are difficulties with the Administrator of the little Karenni State in which it lies. Without the revenue from this mine the three Karenni States, which are nominally independent, will go out of business.

The valuable teak industry has been restarted by British companies as agents for the Government. Nearly one-third of the timber sent down the rivers was stolen last year before it reached the port of embarkation. Some of the forests are in Ministerial Burma and some in the frontier areas. The British firms are not developing these resources until order is restored and until they know what their position is in the new Burma. Most of the project boards are being wound up, but as yet there has not been any firm indication as to what is to take their place. The Burma Government, in my view, should come to an immediate decision as to what parts of the economy of Burma they intend to nationalise, and what to leave in private hands. With reference to those parts to be left in private hands the agreements with the companies concerned should be entered into as soon as possible.

It must be appreciated that while Burma is in the happy position that they have no food, housing or clothing problems, it is in the main an agricultural country and to pay for social and educational plans of the Government, there is a need for development of the country's cash-providing resources. The sale of surplus rice, of timber, oil and the products of the mines are essential if Burma is to balance her budget. That she can do so in time is obvious from the fact that before the war Burma exported twice as much as she imported.

The decision on Burma remaining within the British Commonwealth or leaving it is one which must be taken at the Constituent Assembly. Here again the tradition of revolution is a hard one to overcome. It is difficult to persuade the A.F.P.F.L. supporters, who form the bulk of the members of the Constituent Assembly, that Burmese should now join the Commonwealth against which they have so long been fighting. It is difficult, too, for people abroad to realise that the Dominions are free and independent States. The Burmese, however, realise that their country, potentially rich, about the size of Germany, and occupied by only 17 million people, is sandwiched between two vast, over-populated countries, India and China, and they feel that even though it may not be possible to enter the Commonwealth as a member, it is highly desirable to be in close association with it by treaty.

To sum up, Burma has a fertile soil and natural resources which will give her a substantial credit balance of trade—a credit balance which will enable her to increase her educational, medical and other facilities if she so desires. The reason that she is now in a slight difficulty, financially, and it is only a slight difficulty, is because of the two campaigns fought on her soil and the Japanese occupation. This is only a passing phase, and she would be regarded as a good investment by any financial house. To help her through her period of difficulty she needs a strong Government, provided it is a strong *Burmese* Government. This, I believe, she is going to get. As she is not in a position to defend herself, she needs association with another Power and the Power that she desires to be associated with is the British Commonwealth. Life in Burma will be different to life in the past, but it will be life as the inhabitants want to live it, and that, after all, is what chiefly matters.

D. REES-WILLIAMS

DEMOCRACY IN NORTHERN IRELAND

NORTHERN IRELAND is not a Fascist State of the Nazi type, but an organised denial of democracy on the American model. Just as in the Southern States of the U.S.A., where the right to vote is curtailed, there is nevertheless a scrupulous regard for the letter of the United States Constitution and Negroes are not disfranchised on account of their colour, or previous condition of servitude, but only because they cannot "prove" they have paid "a voluntary poll tax," so in Northern Ireland, there is the strictest observance of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, the Northern Ireland Constitution; it is only the observance of its substance which is lacking. For example, the Northern Ireland Government is expressly forbidden under the Government of Ireland Act to make any Deportation Orders and this prohibition is scrupulously observed. Instead the Northern Ireland Government makes "Exclusion Orders" theoretically to exclude an undesirable person from some specific area, but, in practice, the order excludes him from the entire territory of Northern Ireland except for some isolated hamlet, patch of bog, or mountain top. In practice, therefore, an "Exclusion Order" is a Deportation Order, but the proprieties of the constitution are observed.

The power to make these "Exclusion Orders" derives from an Act of the Northern Ireland Parliament which provides the constitutional basis of the State. In the troubled days of 1922 there was passed the Civil Authorities (Special Powers) Act which, at that time, purported to be a purely temporary measure and was limited in operation

to one year. That it should be so limited was easily understandable because the Act provided that the Northern Ireland Minister of Home Affairs, or any police officer to whom he cared to delegate his powers under the Act, might make any regulation having the force of law for the "preservation of peace or for the maintaining of order." However, this Act has now become permanent and the offences under it for which prior to 1943 there was a maximum of two years' imprisonment provided now carry a maximum penalty of fourteen years' penal servitude.

The regulations made under this Act now comprise a complete code of laws which deal with almost every conceivable matter from treating in public houses to permits for pedal cycles, and, indeed, the regulations are a parallel code of laws giving the Government all the powers of a dictatorship. For example, the Minister of Home Affairs (or even any police constable to whom he may see fit to delegate his powers) may prohibit any newspaper (Regulation 26) or any political or even any non-political meeting. He can proclaim any political party to be an unlawful association. He can make an order prohibiting the possession of any film or gramophone record or can order the destruction of any memorial, headstone or tomb. Under Regulation 24 (c) it is a criminal offence punishable with up to fourteen years' penal servitude to display the Irish Free State flag, or, indeed, even to possess it, if the Authorities consider that the flag might be used not only to advertise the Irish Free State but also the Republican Army.

It might have been thought that the catalogue of offences under the Regulations was sufficient, but to make matters doubly sure the Act itself contains a provision which must be unique in the legislation of any supposedly democratic country. Section 2 (4) of the original Act provides that if anyone does any act, "*not specifically provided for under the regulations*" but of such a nature "to be calculated to be prejudicial to the preservation of peace or maintenance of order in Northern Ireland," "he shall be deemed to be guilty of an offence against the regulations." Since under this provision anyone can be punished for an offence against the regulations, even though he has not transgressed against any particular regulation, it might be thought that it was unnecessary to provide for the imprisonment of people who had not done anything at all, but in fact the regulations do go to provide for Internment. Regulation 23 (b) allows anyone to be interned indefinitely without charge or trial and Regulation 23 (c) provides for the unfortunate internee to be held *in communicado*. He is allowed no visitors, nor any access to legal advice without the Civil Authorities' sanction, nor may any communication be sent or received by him without the Civil Authorities' permission.

The Government often boasts that it is the supreme proof of their moderation that they use Regulation 23 (b) so seldom. However, it would seem that their reason is one of convenience rather than principle. An adaptation of Regulation 23 permits the Attorney-General to have anyone held indefinitely pending trial, and since there is no obligation ever to try the suspect, this provides an easy and effective method of keeping him in prison without trial and yet avoids what are felt to be the tiresome formalities of a more regular internment. The Northern Ireland Government have found this regulation particularly useful for Labour supporters. Under it a Labour supporter or Trade Unionist is suddenly arrested, his house and family searched and he himself held in jail for a week or so until he has lost his job. He is then released without any charge ever having been made against him.

Constitutionally, however, perhaps the most remarkable provision of the regulations is Regulation 22 (b), which provides for the private examination of "witnesses" by a Resident Magistrate (a type of Stipendiary Magistrate peculiar to Northern Ireland). The regulation specifically provides that the "witness" may not be accompanied by any legal adviser or friend, but the Magistrate may be accompanied by such "official person" as he directs shall be present at the inquiry. The "witness" must answer any question which is asked him and the regulation is careful to provide that the person examined "shall not be excused from answering any question on the ground that the answer thereto may criminate or tend to criminate himself." If the "witness" refuses to answer any question he commits an offence under the regulation. Though he renders himself liable to up to fourteen years' penal servitude the Resident Magistrate's certificate that he has refused to answer is conclusive and cannot be questioned in any subsequent trial. It is interesting to note that this regulation was not introduced until 1933 and was first employed for questioning a number of people who had been arrested in a round-up prior to the local elections. They had been kept in jail for some time without any charge, but upon the passing of this regulation they were questioned under it and then sentenced to imprisonment for refusing to answer.

The Special Powers Act is administered by two different types of police, the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the "B" Specials. The R.U.C. are not entirely a non-political force. They are entitled to be members of the Orange Order and indeed, at the suggestion of the Home Minister, there was a special policeman's Lodge instituted and one former District Inspector still claims that it was he, at a meeting of the policemen's Lodge, and not Lord Craigavon who coined the Ulster slogan "Not An Inch." The R.U.C., however, do make some attempt at impartiality and in a number of cases, Roman Catholics are permitted to hold subordinate positions in the Force. This is more than can be said of the 13,000 members of the "B" Special Constabulary. They are an armed part-time force recruited from the Orange Lodges. Though they are only called out on duty part time, the Civil Authorities (Special Powers) Act is careful to provide that while soldiers may only exercise their powers under the regulations when on duty, the "B" Specials, whether on duty or not, have power to stop and search vehicles and persons or to enter premises without warrants or to stop and question anybody or even to arrest without a warrant any suspect whom they may encounter.

It is, in fact, extremely difficult to distinguish between the Government, the Orange Order and the "B" Specials. For example, the Grand Master of the Orange Order is Sir Joseph Davidson. He combines this position with being Parliamentary Secretary to the Prime Minister (a Ministerial appointment peculiar to Northern Ireland). In the same way the Commandant of the "B" Specials in one area is also the principal Unionist Organiser for the district and was lately commended "for his good work" by the Prime Minister. It remained unclear whether the compliments were for his work as a politician or as a policeman.

Since it would be theoretically open to the Northern Ireland Parliament to repeal the Special Powers Act, or apply it at any rate to the Orange Lodges, or to dissolve the "B" Specials, or at any rate to recruit them upon an impartial basis, it is necessary that the Northern Ireland Government have some machinery available which prevents either the local Parliament or local administration falling into the hands of their political opponents.

The traditional method which has been employed has been to gerrymander the Parliamentary constituencies and the local Government electoral districts.

Londonderry provides an interesting example of this. The British Parliament in 1919, in order to safeguard minority positions, provided that Irish local Government elections should be by proportional representation, and, in consequence, the Nationalists had a majority of two on the Derry Corporation. One of the first acts of the Northern Ireland Government was to repeal the provision for proportional representation in local elections and to "reorganise" the Ward boundaries. In consequence, their opponents now obtain only eight seats out of 20. The number of Catholic and Protestant electors were and are fairly accurately known in Londonderry. Under proportional representation in 1920 when the Nationalists were in a slight majority on the Council, the Catholic electors outnumbered the Protestants by some 500 votes. In 1938 Catholics outnumbered the Protestants by some 2,347 votes and yet they remained in a permanent minority on the Local Authority.

Gerrymandering of this type, however, could only be successful when votes were dictated largely by religion and Catholics and Protestants lived in distinct areas. A growth of the Labour vote which drew equally from the poorer Protestants and Catholics forced the Northern Ireland Government to a new type of electoral "reform."

The Northern Ireland Franchise Act of 1946 puts the qualification for municipal franchise back in general to what it had been immediately after 1840. The old £10 rateable value qualification was restored. All property not separately rated was excluded and limited companies were given up to six votes.

In the Northern Ireland Parliament this, like every other departure from democratic practice, was justified by dark references to "disloyal elements." According to one Government spokesman, the Civil Authorities (Special Powers) Act was necessary because there was "a section which did not support the Government." Another Government speaker suggested that if the Franchise Act was not passed, three Counties out of six might be controlled by "disloyal people." Who are the loyalists and who are the disloyal? Mr. Hugh Minford, one of the leading Unionist Members in the Northern Ireland Parliament, said:

> There are only two classes in Northern Ireland; the loyal and the disloyal. The loyal people are the Orangemen. The disloyal people are the Socialists, Communists and Roman Catholics.

That seems a neat summary of the position.

GEOFFREY BING

LISTENERS' DILEMMA

LAST winter, in the expansive atmosphere of Yuletide, I yielded to the lure of the Third Programme and decided to give myself a Christmas present in the form of a radio set. Being allergic to Talks and anxious that the music which I wanted to hear should be as free as possible from "canned" tone, I diligently sought the advice of knowledgeable friends with musical taste on the selection of an instrument. The reproduction, I insisted, must be as faithful as possible: string quartets must not sound as if they had been scored for flutes, clarinets and bassoon. The results of my private Gallup Poll pointed to the purchase of a set whose well-deserved popularity requires no endorsement from me, and which I shall accordingly call the "Adsum fidelis." Duly installed, and pampered in my new-found enthusiasm with the most up-to-date outdoor aerial, "Adsum" lived up to its reputation for fidelity: orchestras really sounded like an ensemble of distinguishable instruments. Furthermore, the set was admirably sensitive and receptive: were I so minded, I could capture loud strains of jazz from practically anywhere between Chicago and the Urals.

This was not my ambition. What I wanted to do was to concentrate, when the opportunity of leisure offered itself, on orchestral and chamber music from a very few readily accessible stations—the B.B.C. Home Service and Third Programme, Paris and Brussels. And here "Adsum" played me false. Its receptivity and perfect reproduction were balanced by a lamentable inability to exclude interference from the "station next door" or the multifarious intruding noises from the ether which French listeners aptly describe as "parasites." The pianissimos of the symphonic orchestras brought to my living room were scrabbled over by insistent Morse emitted, I fancy (since I live near the South Coast), by passing ships and Continental air services. Protesting sadly to the makers of

"Adsum," I received from their chief designer an explanation which may be of interest to other victims of radio interference.

Advertisers of radio sets, he wrote, have been fond of claiming for their wares the dual merits of "perfect reproduction" and "knife-edged selectivity," proof against the unwanted intruding station. Actually, these merits are mutually contradictory: the possession of one excludes the other. The medium waveband into which the broadcasting stations required for Great Britain and the Continent have to be fitted covers a range of frequency of one million vibrations per second. Each broadcast programme is transmitted on the carrier wave by varying its strength at the frequency of the audible notes which it is desired to send; and when a wave of single frequency is caused to vary its strength periodically it splits up into a group of waves covering a definite band of frequencies equal to twice the highest audible note which is being transmitted. The range of sound to which the human ear responds varies in frequency from as low as 20 vibrations per second from the longest organ pipe to at least 10,000 vibrations per second for such noises as those of jingling keys or rustling papers. Hence, each broadcasting station, if it is to remain clear of the next station to it in frequency, must be allowed a total band of at least 20,000 vibrations per second. In practice, in order to accommodate all the British and Continental stations—to say nothing of Morse transmissions from ships and aeroplanes—in a frequency cover of one million vibrations per second, stations have been placed only 9,000, instead of 20,000, vibrations per second apart.

Faced with the resulting likelihood of interference, the set designer has done his best to secure maximum selectivity—that is, better and better "tuning forks" in the mechanism to enable the user to pick up with precision the station of his choice. Unhappily it has been found that too great an increase in the selectivity of a wireless set destroys the nature of the sound coming from it.

So one fears, until the coming of Frequency Modulation (when, incidentally, all our existing sets will be useless) those who want faithful reproduction will have to put up with the attendant "parasites." In some areas, no doubt, the problem would be eased if the B.B.C.'s European Service refrained from projecting the Voice of Britain in such stentorian volume. But this is a local nuisance: by and large, listeners (it seems) must reconcile themselves to the dilemma of having to choose between "canned" music and interference. Is it that manufacturers of radio sets have erred in producing instruments too elaborate and extravagant in their range of sensitivity, instead of selling us simpler models designed to pick up only local stations but proof against alien intrusion? Perhaps listeners on the whole were happier with the old crystal sets and earphones. Then, at least, they kept their pains and pleasures to themselves.

J. GALLOWAY

THE CREATURE IN THE CAGE

IT is satisfied that it cannot get out, and dejected. But a sudden impulse of the wind, or blood, will now and then—two or three times in a day, perhaps—lift it out of the routine in which it has long ago sunk its groove and fling it at the sides of its cage, to spreadeagle wings and claws on the bars and shriek at the slate sky, press the bars with its furry, foetid body, grasp and shake them with hairy hands and feet. Something can be proved after all. It is an animal. It is alive. I shriek, therefore I am.

If it is melancholy, it is largely because it has nothing to worry about. Another creature, in a peaked cap, brings it just what it requires. It is not obliged to fight for its food. There it is. It is excellent food, but there is something not quite right about it. There is something not quite right about the atmosphere, the temperature, everything. Hence the occasional howl, flutter or pounce.

The creature shares something with seven million others. It is a Londoner. The brackish air that lifts from pavements and issues from corner houses is here too. Slumped on its perch, the condor has the look of a habituated refugee travelling in the tube. The lion surrounds itself with its own defiant, ammoniac smell, but for all that there is a metropolitan droop about it. It prowls, but only round itself. In the parrot house, where the nearly intolerable noise seems to tear a tender surface in the brain, a parrot's sudden "hello" is more shockingly impersonal than an echo, more shocking than if nothingness itself had spoken, but the accent is unmistakably cockney.

A philosopher and a poet, the creature is recurrently fascinated by the confines of its existence. They are so obvious, it cannot understand them. They are the cause of its indignation, bafflement, torpor or terror. There is space outside, which oppresses and cannot be got at. It haunts. There is another place one might be in, if the impossible did not intervene. Three porcupines will be quite content together in their cage, satisfied to walk about, emitting the brilliant, torrid smell that is as sharp and repellent as their quills, until the delirium of claustrophobia seizes one of them. Lifting one of its hand-like fore-feet, it grabs the side of the two-foot door and begins to shake it with astonishing violence. Then it will butt the door, its tiny eyes, full of concentrated hatred, almost pushed against it. Turning round, it quivers all over, nonplussed, gives the door another look of exasperated recognition, and begins rattling again. Its cage-mates, who do not understand the possibility of doors being opened, look on non-committally. The Bactrian camel is faced with the same problem in a different form. He is haunted by the sky. Shambling studiously—there is something genteel, slippered and academic about his tread—round his quadrangle with one unnecessary hump hanging like an empty sack, he knows, without a glance to one side or the other, that there is no issue. Walls cannot be pushed over, locked doors cannot be opened. But there is the open sky, perfectly accessible if one had wings. Every now and then, without pausing in his walk, he shoots up his Carlylean beard and grimace and gives a look of agnostic inquiry.

There is always the resource of sleep. The alligator sleeps permanently, like the princess, in a warm bath only longer than itself, under a hot light that might be the sun, if it ever opened its eyes to look. Safely unconscious inside the corrugated wall of its back, a wonder of its own elaboration which it has never seen, it is quite oblivious of the pennies that lie dropped on it or scattered like brown confetti on the floor of the bath. These were thrown in, by people who did not come to see stuffed animals, as a charm—ineffective—to waken it up. Children eye the alligator with all the pennies which it will not spend.

There is the rarer resource of idiocy. It requires less concentration than sleep. All you have to do is to loll, physically, emotionally, spiritually. Idiocy, instead of exasperation, incites a kind of reverence. It may be sacred, inspired. As a sign of this inspiration, the giant panda climbs as near heaven as it can get, and lolls there in round-eyed irresponsibility. Twenty feet below, a circle of twenty worshippers looks up and awaits a sign. As if a hot tap had at last burst its washer, a long, sudden, steaming stream begins to drop helplessly, noisily, spraying like a geyser and drifting with the wind. The cataract continues for at least five minutes while the panda peers down at it, almost with interest. The worshippers draw back a little, shocked but gratified. At least a sign has been given.

The habits and the adaptations that were the life of the creature, its very self, have to go on, so far as they can go on within the limits of a few cubic feet of space. The giant squirrel holds things between its hands and eats them, as if to win a bet, chewing up and down, up and down, with the bright, monotonous efficiency of a sewing-machine. There is also the branch of a tree, up and down which it occasionally runs like a ball released on a bagatelle board. An over-decorated bird betrays its family by its henlike habit of pausing with one foot half-lifted, and thrusting a rigidly inquiring head into a series of inviisible nooses, and then withdrawing it to continue its unrewarding inspection of the ground. The bird, all bones, feathers and headgear, strides up and down with the intense pre-occupation of a functionary without a function. How is it to know that its only function now is to be looked at by the inaccessible things that come and look at it, rattle on the wire netting—it rattles back, hopefully—and go away?

More than any other creature, the lion has elaborated the whole technique of the exile and the prisoner—the exclusions, the indifference, the self-assertion. He is aware that this is not his life, but continually withdraws from that awareness. He fixes himself in boredom, refusing to look at or to think of anything. He moves from that fixation with painful reluctance—life is life, and one has to give in to it from time to time. He has solved the problem of the spectator simply by excluding him. The lion has very excluding eyes—more so even than the terrible slanting eyes of the tiger. He can see the spectator but he never looks at him—though the unwary cub will look at human eyes and draw back, uneasy. If he can do nothing else, the lion can still fill the world, his own world, with his roar. The roar always seems to be too loud to come from his slender, sinewy body. The belly muscles tense and ripple as if sustaining a great weight. It is as if the lion were pulling up that terrific noise from somewhere under the ground. Each roar encloses a double-beat as from a drum, but the first beat rises in pitch as it is struck, and the second, which is lower to begin with, falls. When a lion utters a series of roars it is like water being pumped through a cavern, and your ears are under the water. Or the sustained pulse of it suggests an enormous heart beating. When the lion moves from his superb but grudging impassivity to make this wonderful noise, he does so for his own re-assurance. He listens to himself. He is still there.

Perhaps, after all, it is possible to be perfectly happy in the cage. For a moment, at twilight, the long-eared owl seems to think so. He understands and enjoys the art of sitting still. His heavy leathern lids always look like an appendage, an afterthought of which he is specially conscious. He flips them coquettishly, like a film-star, over bright red eyes, or keeps them studiously half-lowered. The eyes are of about the same size and brightness as the rear lamps of motor cars, and almost as fixed, and yet they contain a look of intelligence, of consideration. It is the contemplative moment just after waking up. But the moment is soon over, and as it grows darker, one wants to take flight.

Though it is not aware of the fact—would it be any happier if it knew?—the creature is living in Utopia. It enjoys freedom from preying and being preyed upon, it can only die from sedentary or stationary diseases, or from the melancholia due to something not being quite right with the food, the atmosphere, the conditions. But its eyes explore space and its feet walk up and down in time and it is still puzzled. Inside the stillness it has acquired from habit, it continually holds the possibility of being frightened or fierce, cunning or violent. You can hear it in the roar or the screech, see it in the snuffling nose of wet velvet and the long violet-brown eye that greets you timidly at the fence, or in the pin-point eye of fury, the fork, flickering beyond visibility, that squirts poison at you on the shielding glass. Rendered innocuous and immune, the creature is still triumphantly unregenerate—or where it grows tame, shows signs of regeneration, it is a little dejected. Clearly, to live in Utopia is a slightly dejecting experience—at any rate if you are locked in.

DAVID PAUL

The Arts and Entertainment

A CENSORSHIP OF PAINTING?

LAST year we imported from America more than three times as many films as we produced ourselves. This fantastic expenditure of our dwindling dollar credits will presumably soon be reduced; and millions of people will feel bitterly aggrieved at their weekly ration of full-length films being reduced from four to perhaps three. If the import of American films were completely stopped, what, I wonder, would be the result? Possibly a fall of the Government. Meanwhile, hardly a voice is heard to protest against the existing embargo upon the import of paintings. Comparatively few people even know about it; and I am sometimes not believed when I explain that it is absolutely forbidden to bring a picture into this country unless you guarantee to take it out again within six months.

The regulation strikes me as no less irrational than barbarous. We import films; we import tobacco; we import books, plays and music. What conceivable excuse exists for forbidding the import of pictures? Somebody will murmur something about foreign exchange. But, to begin with, the pictures that would be imported if the regulation were removed would hardly any of them come from dollar areas. The amount of money involved would, in any case, be very small: not more, I should guess, than £20,000. Moreover, it would be perfectly practicable to forbid the export of the money proceeding from the sale of such pictures. At present a foreign painter cannot bring pictures here and live among us on the proceeds of his sales. (For that matter, you cannot bring here a picture that has been given to you in a foreign country.)

Since foreign exchange is not the explanation, can it be that the Trade Union of English painters protests against such competition? No such Trade Union exists; and if it did, I cannot believe it would be so short-sighted. Since foreign musicians and authors are allowed, thank goodness, to make money here, why not foreign painters?

I am writing in the interests not of foreign painters, but of English art-lovers, among whom, of course, I include our painters. The need to see what is being painted elsewhere is acute. It is legally possible to exhibit foreign pictures here, since they can be brought in for six months. But no dealer can afford to show pictures that he is forbidden to sell. Consequently, we have seen no new pictures from abroad, except the very few brought over at the expense of foreign Governments or the British Council. Foreign painting is submitted, in fact, to what amounts to more than a censorship—an all-embracing prohibition.

I sometimes hear Conservatives talking as if they enjoyed a monopoly of culture. How could a Government representing chiefly the unleisured classes be expected to trouble themselves with the Arts? In fact, Mr. Dalton is the first Chancellor of the Exchequer to give a subsidy to opera and to the Tate Gallery. The Prime Minister, I know at first hand, is well disposed towards the Arts. Another member of the Government, the Lord Chancellor, is a discriminating collector of contemporary French painting; or rather he was—for he cannot continue this activity. There is also a body of Labour members called the Arts group. Busy as these must be, could they not get this ridiculous regulation expunged? Whether it is ultimately the Treasury or the Board of Trade that is responsible for it, I do not know. In either case I suspect that it is not the Minister but some tape-bound or Blimpish official who continues the anachronism.

Art is essentially international, and in no country more conspicuously than in England have the Arts always enriched themselves from abroad. I do not believe that there has been a single great English writer, painter, architect or musician in whose work one cannot trace foreign influence. The Germans succeeded in isolating us for five years. Were the results so salutary that our own Government insists upon the isolation being perpetuated?

ROGER MARVELL

RADIO NOTES

WE all know that England has no climate, only weather. But have the weather conditions been undergoing a fundamental change in the last thirty years—or is this idea a mere illusion of disgruntled middle age? This is a question I long to have cleared up, once and for all, by some competent person. Is it true that one remembers that summer of 1911, when bees hummed, for a monotony of weeks, in and out of wide-open windows, under the sun-blinds, but blithely forgets the dripping glumness that afflicted—was it 1906 or 1907? Was the Dickens Christmas the dream of a genius? Was the blaze of 1921 the exception, or quite in order? And the winter of 1946–7? . . . I am not alone in desiring that some unemotional meteorologist should be invited to the microphone, at 9.15 p.m. on a Sunday, and in fifteen minutes tell us—beyond a peradventure, and reinforced by statistics, if he must—whether or no the seasons have "moved on," or are evening out; whether the notion that a real qualitative difference has gradually come over our summer and winter, is nothing but a reflection, in our minds, of the alteration in other standards. There has been too much vague talk, too many old nannies' tales, too many ill-informed suggestions. Let us have the law laid down by a man of science on his own subject, and not on some other, for once in a way; not "What I Believe" but "Take it from me."

It is often assumed, in theatrical circles, that "literary" prose dialogue does not speak well—that it hampers the actor in communicating emotion. This assumption contains a half-truth. Literary prose can be as effectively spoken as blank verse or Alexandrines, provided the style is good enough. On the other hand, phoney verse (*e.g.*, Rostand) can be put across with less difficulty than inferior literary prose. The prose of poets may sometimes be stiff or affected; it is seldom flat. At its supreme point of excellence—in the *Imaginary Conversations* of W. S. Landor—its beauty and eloquence resist even a bad delivery. Not that the broadcast of *Æsop and Rhodope* was bad: far from it. Mr. Heppenstall wisely cut the first pages of this famous duo, cunningly fading us in just before the great passage about earthly transience which (he must have calculated) could not but fix attention. Mr. Cecil Trouncer never fails us, and he did not do so here; throughout the broadcast his periods were beautifully modulated, and, compared with Rhodope, he dropped few stitches. All the same, I wish he had given the purely poetic touches a little more relief. His whole conception was a thought too wise—too much like a very nice family solicitor giving advice. Landor's dialogues are always dramatic however classically moderate in style. Still centres of emotional whirlwinds, they do not contain action, but they often suggest it, and most poignantly. A beautiful reading is always something to be thankful for; but I should have liked Mr. Trouncer to suggest the pathos of the crippled slave whose nobility of character triumphs over sadness and the exasperations of self-pity. He could have done it. Whether Miss Joyce Redman could have sustained her much longer part with greater success, it would be hard to say. The faults of her performance were certainly none of the worst; she displayed real delicacy and warmth and gentleness, as well as a feeling for artistic propriety. She conveyed the character very nicely. But she seemed afraid of her lines and delivered the longer speeches in a series of tentative snatches, all the same length, which was monotonous and robbed the part of its music. And her slips and mispronunciations, though seldom very important in themselves, suggested a not very thorough understanding of the thread of discourse. It is to be hoped

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that Mr. Heppenstall will not rest content with representing Landor by this one dialogue. The *Imaginary Conversations* are very uneven: the least interesting are unendurably prolix and dull. But the best are many in number and extraordinarily varied in range. It would be a great pity not to essay them.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"Take My Life," at the Odeon

"Carnegie Hall," at the Plaza

Take My Life is a very well-made thriller indeed. A man is on trial for his life. We know this before we have seen anything, because out of darkness the voice of Mr. Francis L. Sullivan weighs in for the prosecution, and continues to weigh in, with evidence of the man's guilt while we see what actually—and very differently—happened. Admirable short cut! By its means, a tedious court scene and a long-drawn-out "flash-back" have been avoided; we catch up on the story without losing present contacts; and that irony, which is the soul of drama, heightens every moment of action from the start. Bit by bit we gather the unlucky coincidences that have brought the accused man into the dock, and after a while we even catch glimpses of the murderer, a respectable fugitive who looks only a trifle more harassed than a dozen others making for a carriage door in a railway station. The only mystery, then, is what really happened at the time of the murder, why it was committed, who the murderer is, and whether the innocent man will be hanged. This ingeniously varies the usual crime mystery; its tension is new, and throughout the crucial events, arrest, trial, etc., an admirable realism of detail and behaviour is preserved. The court, when at last we come to it, grips by its actuality and its absence of staged drama. Mr. Sullivan, in person, rounds off a perfect study of a K.C. We do not stay long enough, as in so many screen trials, to get bored.

There would be no point in elaborating the story which concerns a prima donna (Greta Gynt), her husband (Hugh Williams) who is also her manager, and his jealous ex-mistress, a violinist (Rosalie Crutchley), found strangled in a furnished room off the Euston Road. We should not perhaps be particularly interested in these characters without the circumstances, but there is no reason why we should; half the dramatic effect is got by insisting all along how ordinary people behave during a crisis. Good story, good acting from everyone (Marius Goring must be added to those mentioned already), good photography, William Alwyn's sparely impulsive score, the use of silence, the prolonging of tension by small means—these are the qualities that have made *Take My Life* first-rate of its kind. The revelation of the detective at the end was perhaps a shade too wrenched for the well-geared excitement of the whole piece, but I do not quarrel with it. Ronald Neame, associated with many films as photographer, directed.

The story of *Carnegie Hall*, on the other hand, wheezes like a broken concertina. A chairwoman who once saw Tchaikovsky plain, brings up her son in the shadow of the Hall to become a famous pianist; he rebels and takes instead "an interest in modern music" (i.e., runs off to join a dance band); melancholy separation while he gets married and goes on tour and makes popular records; domestic rows; final tableau and motherly reunion when he returns to Carnegie Hall to conduct—well, what do you suppose?—a jazz rhapsody of his own composition. It's vital, mother, it's new, etc. Mercifully it is also shorter than usual. But the film itself is not. Its enormous length (133 minutes) is made by excerpts from concerts and close-ups of famous performers. One can understand Mr. Stokowski appearing in such circumstances, but not some of the other more serious musicians on the list. The highlights of a film that indigestibly tries to combine music with mush, are Artur Rubinstein prancing wonderfully through a de Falla piece, and the fingers of Heifetz, even more wonderful, at play during a concerto. We see also what Lily Pons looks like taking a top note. For the sake of posterity, these and other close-ups might well be detached and preserved. The recording is excellent: considerably better, for example, than that of *The Barber of Seville*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THREE POEMS

By FRANCES CORNFORD

THE TIMID LADY

Though the inviting waves were sweet
With promise hope and dread,
She lies beneath this final sheet
Who never dared to wet her feet,
And now is dead.

FAMILY LIKENESS

That eager, honouring look
Through microscope or at a picture-book,
That quick, responsive, curious delight—
For half a century I have seen it now
Under the shaggy or the baby brow,
And always blessed the sight.

A CLERGYMAN'S FACE

Female and male He made them from the first,
But you do not approve your Creator's plan?
Why then for all Eternity, poor man,
Your lips are pursed.

Correspondence

PROSTITUTION AND THE LAW

SIR,—Most thoughtful persons must welcome the dispassionate presentation of facts offered in Mr. C. H. Rolph's two articles on "Prostitution and the Law." These hard facts need to be more resolutely faced before we can hope for much improvement in our laws and their administration. But I would suggest five points which could be immediately considered, and which this Association has been urging for many years:

1. The amendment of the solicitation laws. As Mr. Rolph has so admirably shown, they are a shocking farce, unjust, and creating a special class within the community subject to special laws. Amend them so that evidence other than police evidence is required, so that they are applied equally to persons of either sex, and so that the women and girls are not prejudged by being stated in the charge to be "common prostitutes." These laws, by labelling the girl or woman who may only just have taken to a promiscuous life, and denying her the justice afforded to all other persons, create a legal class of prostitutes, and undoubtedly tend to confirm a young woman in the practice of prostitution.

2. The protection of all women from sexual exploitation. The Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885, Sections 2 and 3, excludes the "common prostitute or known immoral woman" from protection against procuration by a third party for unlawful carnal connection by false pretences or false representations. All persons should be legally protected against such exploitation. It would be interesting to know how the British Government can ratify the last draft convention against traffic in women (which protects all persons of either sex, with or without their consent, against third-party exploitation for purposes of immorality) while their own laws exclude just those women from protection whose way of life renders them most vulnerable to certain devices of procurers.

3. A real attempt to understand and explore the masculine side of the problem—the customer of the prostitute, the causes of his behaviour, the possible remedies. It is useless to continue this endless study of the prostitute—she will exist while her services are in demand.

4. A realisation that the "common prostitute" or immoral woman is hardened and injured by legal and social injustice as much as any other member of the community.

5. The treatment of homosexuality as outside the law if it occurs with the mutual consent of responsible

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adults—the law only to step in, as in prostitution, where offences occur against minors, or those with the status of minors, where there is public indecency, or third-party exploitation of immorality.

We need not feel helpless in the presence of this ancient problem. We can start at once to consider these practical points. Justice has a habit of throwing light on dark places and showing where the next step may be.

KATHARINE B. HARDWICK,
General Secretary.
The Association for Moral and Social Hygiene,
Livingstone House, Broadway, S.W.1.

MADAGASCAR

SIR,—Having been resident in Madagascar during 1938–43, I was very interested in your correspondent's account of the present situation. As he truly remarks, the issues are not altogether clear, and probably never will be clear to our mere European minds. The still waters of the Malagasy mind run deep. But I should like to add two other factors to be taken into consideration.

1. The mutual hatred between the French in Madagascar and the natives. My impression was that the British occupation of the island in 1942 both widened and deepened the gulf between the French and the Malagasy. The natural disinclination of the native troops to face the advance of our invading armies was construed by the French to be disloyalty and rank ingratitude to their French "benefactors." As a result, they have been consistently treated as naughty children who must be made to pay for their treachery and disloyalty in welcoming the occupying forces as they did. In fact, ingratitude and disloyalty are quite foreign conceptions to the Malagasy mind. They have no aptitude for warfare, and would have reacted in the same way had the island been a British Colony and the invaders French Thus misfortune and misunderstanding have led to resentment and hatred on both sides and created the complete lack of sympathy and understanding which at present exists between the French and the Malagasy.

2. We must not overlook that unknown quantity, the witch-doctors. Driven underground by French law, they remain a force to be reckoned with, and it is significant that among the Hova tribe, where the most serious risings have taken place, there has been a revival of the ancestral religion. My information is that the witch-doctors are cleverly exploiting the present situation by proclaiming that the ancestral spirits are offended, and therefore do not give the protection which they gave in the days before the advent of the Europeans and their strange new religion.

H. F. JONES
32 Allen's Avenue, Sprowston, Norwich.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—"Teacher's" letter in a recent issue of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION gives food for thought. I suppose one must accept it as a fact that men and women still start their teaching careers thinking that children under their care must first have all their natural impulses subdued and that only when they are prepared to give their teacher implicit obedience, through fear of unpleasantness to follow if they do otherwise, can he give them such instruction as he feels they should assimilate and produce methodically at the given signal. To those of us who have been working in more enlightened schools this appears as a travesty of education. Progressive education has led the way in showing that children do respond to methods of freedom and friendliness, that the child has a natural desire to learn and a keen interest in the world in which he is living, that if the master is his friend he will not play him up, that he can be just as interested in cave men as comics, that he can chat to his neighbour about a piece of mutual research on some project the class is undertaking—in short that he can pursue the studies with the help of an understanding and skilled adult, without having them ordered and dictated from above.

Nor is the underlying tenet of the so-called progressive educator, respect for the individuality of the child, confined to pioneer private schools. "Teacher" would be advised to visit some of our elementary schools where classes of 50 and over are working in a cheerful atmosphere of ordered freedom where the master is no longer a Jehovah relying for his discipline on the cane in the background. These children have the opportunity to grow according to their own life pattern instead of being moulded by those in authority over them.

Children are adaptable and will put up with an amazing amount, but there is that within the human spirit which, since the dawn of history, has rebelled against an attempt to make it other than it wishes to become. Whilst teachers insist on their right to impose what they want for the children upon their classes, corporal punishment will inevitably remain with us. An authority based on fear must rely on force, but once the pupils and teachers have learnt to respect each other as persons, there will be no place for the cane.

To some of us the most hopeful trend in present-day education in this country is the fact that the men and women presenting themselves at the Emergency Training Colleges are people who have had some experience other than scholastic. These teachers are coming into the profession with a wider, sympathetic outlook. Let us hope that their enthusiasm will not be damped by the difficulties of big classes and insufficient textbooks and that they will be able to carry forward the idea of a school being a community of individuals working out their problems together in a spirit of friendship, not a place where discipline has to be imposed from the top, relying on force for its efficient working.

MARGARET BARCLAY

SPARE THE ROD

SIR,—I was glad that you published Critic's advocacy of corporal punishment in the London Diary last week. There seems to be, among sensible adults, pretty general agreement that it does little or no harm to the punished, but it is not often that its undoubted benefit to the punisher is so frankly stated. Means to sexual stimulus and sexual satisfaction are all too often glossed over. Knowledge of them and access to them must become far more widespread if this world is to become a happier place for its inhabitants.

PETER RODD

SEMI-FASCIST SOUTH AFRICA?

SIR,—I must protest against Mr. Sole's facile explanation of the conditions in the Union of South Africa.

Mr. Sole denies a deliberate colour bar policy. This is clearly contradicted by Prime Minister Smuts, who said in the Union Parliament on March 14th, 1945, "There are certain things about which South Africans of all sections and all parties—except those who are quite mad—are agreed. The first is their fixed policy to maintain White supremacy in South Africa."

In no other country are there so many racial laws passed against the vast majority of the population, limiting its right to free movement, skilled employment, trade union rights and political, social and economic development. Mrs. Ballinger, a Union M.P., describing the condition of Africans, said in July, 1944, that their "poverty and instability—poor health, poor housing, poor conditions, poor education . . . are the product of a deliberately chosen policy—a policy of segregation, Land Acts, Urban Area Acts, Colour Bar Acts, 'civilised' labour policies and all the rest of the legislative record designed to keep the native in his place, and defended as essential to the protection of 'White' civilisation."

Mr. Sole tells us that "the graph showing our progress in racial understanding is rising steadily," but the obnoxious Ghetto Act was passed less than a year ago, the Pass Law system has recently been tightened up in several towns, and only a few months ago fresh segregatory colour restrictions were intro-

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duced on the trains in Cape Town and on the airways. While the rest of the world marches towards freedom, South Africa is busy legalising fresh racial discrimination.

The notorious activities of the newly-formed Suid-Afrikaanse Beskermings Beweging, which include beating up and illegally imposing fines on Africans and intimidating Indians and their European sympathisers, are described by the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* of March 30th, 1947, as a "reign of terror." Many M.P.s. of both the major South African parties have made common cause and shared the platform of this organisation. The continued existence and widespread activities of the Ossewa-Brandwag, do not point to a rising of the graph of progress in racial understanding.

Responsible people like Miss Mary Attlee, the Bishop of Natal, Rev. Michael Scott, etc., have condemned racial intolerance in South Africa. The racial policy of the Union Government presents a challenge to the basic principles of the United Nations, and until this policy is reversed the progressive people of the world will continue to condemn it.

MANEK VAJIFDAR,
Organising Secretary.

South Africa Committee,
The India League, 46 Strand, London, W.C.2.

CATHOLIC INDEX

SIR,—In his highly interesting review of Mr. Rayner Heppenstall's book, *The Double Image*, Mr. Raymond Mortimer says that the Church, until recently, has always regarded the novel—and he is referring more particularly to French novels—"with deep suspicion." This is surely an understatement. The bulk of French fiction has been put on the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, and the faithful are forbidden under pain of grievous sin, to read such books without permission. I have a copy of the *Index* before me (ed. 1930) with a preface by the late Cardinal Merry del Val. The Codex of Canon Law is quoted which lays it down (Can. 1396) that "books condemned by the Holy See are prohibited all over the world and in whatever language into which they may have been translated." It is further laid down (Can. 1403) that "those who have obtained from the Holy See the faculty of reading prohibited books are under a grave obligation of keeping these books in such a manner as to obviate all danger of their passing into the hands of others."

And here is a brief list of names (not, of course, exhaustive; and confined to French fiction) of writers whose novels and romances no practising Catholic may read: Diderot, Stendhal, Hugo, Balzac (*omnes fabulae amatoriae*), George Sand, Dumas, Flaubert, Zola, and Anatole France.

I cannot refrain from adding that the "eminent Cardinals of the Index, who (as Father Tyrrell said) are as ignorant of the needs and complexities of the educated classes as it is possible for men to be" seem never to have heard of Russian fiction, while, in our own literature the only thoroughly noxious novel they have unearthed is (p. 450) Sam Richardson's *Pamela*, or *Virtue Rewarded*.

HAROLD BINDS

LÜBECK DIARY

Sir,—Truly the way of a Liberal Socialist is hard. Scarcely have I survived an imputation of anti-liberalism from the *Manchester Guardian* than your reviewer Mr. Lewis attacks me as perfectly embodying "the limitations of the English Liberal mind." My hatred of police-state-Socialism and my belief in the reconcilability of free institutions with Socialist reform are apparently not shared by Mr. Lewis. Though obviously fundamental to the divergence of our views on Germany, this issue cannot be re-argued on the present occasion. At the same time, the review so persistently mis-states my detailed positions as to invite a few defensive comments.

Mr. Lewis writes, for example, that I ignore Hitler's relations with the Rhine industrialists and "want to revive that middle-class philosophy which did so much to carry Hitler into power." On the contrary, I clearly urge (p. 148) the Socialisation of the Ruhr industries and very deliberately exclude the big industrialists, whom I wish to expropriate, from these modest middle-class elements whose present liquidation I deprecate largely on cultural grounds. Nor would my long-suffering German friends of the Social-Democrat, Christian Democrat, Liberal and regionalist parties—however admittedly bourgeois their leadership—relish this ungenerous implication that they too helped Hitler to power.

Likewise I do not, as suggested, equate German totalitarianism "with a supposed Slav-Prussian racialism"; I merely demonstrate a series of clear historical links between Prussianism and Nazism. Nor do I dismiss German national sense as "a Prussian trick," though I do stress the preponderant contribution to aggressive nationalism made by the Prussian ideals of state and personality. *Per contra* I do *not* claim North-West Germany as a special repository of Christian Humanism, but I do exemplify the urge, very widespread amongst all North-West Germans outside the Communist party, to throw off the incubus of the old Berlin-centred Reich, together with its threatened renewal under the auspices of the Prussian Social Unity Party.

Once more, I never opposed, as your reviewer suggests, a "spiritual" West to a "material" East, for that would be a grossly superficial judgment on the Prussian people. Again, I would heartily join Mr. Lewis in rejecting the philosophies of both T. H. Green and M. Maritain, with which, on grounds best understood by himself, he tries to couple my views. As to the constitutional issue, I freely acknowledge how difficult it remains to combine economic reintegration with political federalism, yet readers of my book will acknowledge that I advocated a very different type of federal development from the crazy *Land*-particularism now hampering economic revival.

To one charge I must unashamedly plead guilty. I believed British Social-Democracy had an excellent title to administer political lessons to the British Zone; I believed that in Hanseatic and Hanoverian Germany it had to hand the aptest of German pupils. If Britain is busily forfeiting that claim, the fault assuredly lies, not with the school of thought I try to represent, but with those Little England Socialists who, perhaps scared by the post-war chauvinism of their uneducated followers, shrink from applying humane and constructive principles.

Mr. Lewis finally adjures me "to remember Rousseau's sceptical remark that no people has ever been turned into a nation of philosophers." May I in all sincerity beseech him to reject, while time permits, the far uglier but far more easily attainable converse? We must fear, not indeed nations of philosophers but nations of automata, and those now within the very cradle of our ancient yet still indispensable civilisation.

A. G. DICKENS
Keble College, Oxford.

YUGOSLAV RELIEF

SIR,—Mr. James Gregory, in his letter in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, asks if Save Europe Now could not send parcels to Yugoslavia. We have been sending parcels to the "Save the Children" Fund representative in Yugoslavia ever since the scheme started last December.

PEGGY DUFF
Save Europe Now,
14 Henrietta Street, W.C.2.

ISABELITA HAS LOST HER REASON

SIR,—I am sure your readers will be interested to know that on the 6th May last a telegram of protest against the proposed judicial murder of Jose Luis Cano, Juan Arranz Lafont, and German Sanz Esteban, was sent to the Spanish Ambassador in London.

The protest was signed by 26 Members of Parliament.

JOHN PLATTS MILLS
House of Commons.

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27 1947

BOOKS IN GENERAL

To discover and to read, in the midst of a batch of contemporary novels, Herman Melville's last—and hitherto all but improcurable—story, *Billy Budd, Foretopman*,* is to find oneself faced with a dazzling revelation of how many virtues modern fiction has lost or discarded. *Billy Budd* is, in the first place, a good story, a "plain tale," or so it appears; it is well written, and the uncertainties of its manuscript text do not greatly matter; it has a hero and a villain who are carefully designed to dramatise the extremes of goodness and badness. And more striking than anything else to the reader of to-day are its discursive comments on character, the generalisations about psychology evoked by the development of the story itself. One cannot doubt that in modern novelists the capacity for moral commentary still exists; but it is a capacity they more and more tend to suppress. When Melville blesses one of his characters with "natural depravity," it seems to him perfectly reasonable to enlarge on the implications of this:

> Not many are the examples of this depravity which the gallows and jail supply. At any rate, for notable instances—since these have no vulgar alloy of the brute in them, but invariably are dominated by intellectuality—one must go elsewhere. Civilisation, especially if of the austerer sort, is auspicious to it. It folds itself in the mantle of respectability. It has its certain negative virtues serving as silent auxiliaries. It is not going too far to say that it is without vices or small sins. There is a phenomenal pride in it that excludes them from anything . . . mercenary or avaricious. In short, the depravity here meant partakes nothing of the sordid or sensual. It is serious but free from acerbity. Though no flatterer of mankind, it never speaks ill of it.
>
> But the thing which in eminent instances signalises so exceptional a nature is this: though the man's even temper and discreet bearing would seem to intimate a mind peculiarly subject to the law of reason, not the less in his soul's recesses he would seem to riot in complete exemption from that law, having apparently little to do with reason further than to employ it as an ambidexter implement for effecting the irrational. That is to say: toward the accomplishment of an aim which in wantonness of malignity would seem to partake of the insane, he will direct a cool judgment sagacious and sound.
>
> These men are true madmen, and of the most dangerous sort, for their lunacy is not continuous, but occasional; evoked by some special object; it is secretive and self-contained, so that when most active it is to the average mind not distinguished from sanity, and for the reason above suggested that whatever its aim may be, and the aim is never disclosed, the method and the outward proceeding is always perfectly rational.
>
> Now something such was Claggart. . . .

At first *Billy Budd* seems a curious book to think of Melville writing; but much criticism has prepared one for its late-Shakespearean calm. In the crowding tumult of *Moby Dick* and the neurotic fervour of *Pierre*, Melville seems to have burned himself out; or, if the fire remained, it was damped down by popular neglect or censure or incomprehension. In the *Oxford History of the United States*, Professor Morison of Harvard says that "not until 1851 did a distinctive American literature, original both in form and content, emerge with *Moby Dick*"; and it is rarely that a literary landmark is detected until it has been left a good way behind. Wretched and perplexed, Melville struggled on, as we know, with a few other novels and short stories, and then quietly abandoned prose writing. Almost forty years after *Moby Dick*, and within a year or so of his death, he produced *Billy Budd*.

In style and mood it is as far from *Moby Dick* as it could be. In the earlier book one remembers, side by side with its exact realism, its rhapsody also, and its fine, rhetorical, improbable conversations. There is neither rhetoric nor rhapsody in *Billy Budd*. And in *Moby Dick* Melville is continually *forcing* you to look, beyond the lives of his characters, at Life itself. For Melville, as for Ahab, the battered *Pequod* is an ambiguous vessel: its mixed crew are "an Anacharsis Clootz deputation from all the isles of the sea, and all the ends of the earth, accompanying Old Ahab in the *Pequod* to lay the world's grievances before that bar from which not very many of them ever come back." It is "an audacious, immitigable and supernatural revenge" that Ahab intends in his pursuit of the white whale.

> . . . All that most maddens and torments; all that stirs up the lees of things; all truth with malice in it; all that cracks the sinews and cakes the brain; all the subtle demonisms of life and thought; all evil, to crazy Ahab, were visibly personified, and made practically assailable in Moby Dick. He piled upon the whale's white hump the sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down.

To Ahab "all visible objects are but as pasteboard masks." And he infects the crew with his unearthly feeling for Moby Dick in a way that Ishmael, the story-teller, hesitates to define:

> What the White Whale was to them, or how to their unconscious understandings, also, in some dim, unsuspected way, he might have seemed the great gliding demon of the seas of life—all this to explain would be to dive deeper than Ishmael can go.

But he does at once go deeper; and the chapter on whiteness is perhaps the "deepest" thing in the book. It is a chapter about the beauty and the terror of white objects, animate and inanimate: "and of all these things the Albino whale was the symbol. Wonder ye, then, at the fiery hunt?"

By these, and by many other touches, Melville accretes to his realistic story an imprecise and terrible other story. The actual whale is not, he assures us, an allegorical creature he has made up himself. The whale itself is real enough; it is in the nature of Melville to see an object or creature accurately before the object takes on an ambiguous cast. He sees the whales' nursery, placid in the midst of tumult, before he sees what the whales' nursery can mean to him:

> And thus, though surrounded by circle upon circle of consternation and affrights, did these inscrutable creatures at the centre freely and fearlessly indulge in all peaceful concernments; yea, serenely revelled in dalliance and delight. But even so, amid the tornadoed Atlantic of my being, do I myself still for ever centrally disport in mute calm; and while ponderous planets of unwaning woe revolve round me, deep down and deep inland there I still bathe me in eternal mildness of joy.

Object first; simile some distance after. Melville's mind is free from the allegorical impulse which takes a spiritual theme and impresses objects into the illumination of it. This distinction between allegory and symbolism must not be forgotten, since it is always there. In symbolism the real object is seen first; from it, to adopt a phrase of Mr. T. S. Eliot, a "purpose breaks." This happens continually in Melville; and it is worth recalling that his great creative period coincided with that of Poe, to whom the French symbolist poets were always confessing their debt.

From *Billy Budd* also, when the tale is completed, a purpose breaks; a simple one, emerging with deceptive quietness. In this tale Melville, at the end of his life, is giving expression to a feeling he has perhaps not before acknowledged or understood. Once more, he comes to understand it by way of real objects and people. It is as if, retired within himself, and searching the darkness of experience that lies behind and before him, he draws up from the shadows a perfect image of uncontaminated beauty, nobility and courtesy. We know who provided that image: it was Melville's friend of earlier days, Jack Chase; and it is to him that the new book is dedicated: "To Jack Chase, Englishman, wherever that great heart may now be here on earth or harboured in Paradise." Chase had been captain of the maintop in the frigate *United States*, in which Melville had served in 1843. He had shone like a bright light in the ugly world that Melville describes in *White Jacket*; idealised a little, he now appears as Billy Budd. The action is moved back to the days of the Napoleonic wars, shortly after the Mutiny at the Nore.

There is little or none of the "transcendental" Melville in the actual language of the book. It is true that the Anacharsis Clootz deputation is once more referred to; and the free merchant vessel from which Billy is impressed into the Navy is called the *Rights of Man*. But this is a mere glimpse of the book's outer rind; we do not touch that half-whimsical quality again till the very end, when we hear the name of another ship. Billy is forced to serve in a man-of-war. He is what in those days was called a Handsome Sailor. He has a beauty that is praised and adored by the generality of men—and he is not, it may be urgently stated, a pansy. But Billy's grace, as is the way of grace, evokes also from one point an overwhelming malignity. There is among the crew an official of some power called Claggart, whom Melville seems to develop from the villainous Jackson of his early autobiographical novel *Redburn*. Claggart is not unaffected by the beauty of Billy's form and character. He perceives it, one might say, much as Iago perceives that of Cassio:

> If Cassio do remain,
> He hath a daily beauty in his life
> That makes me ugly.

Claggart, ostensibly affable towards Billy, decides in his heart that he must be done away with. The discernment of the ways and means of such a hate is one of Melville's many profound intuitions; I do not doubt that he could have pursued the origins of such a passion further, for his prose and his poetry abound in astonishingly prophetic hints about the reaches of the unconscious. But none are given here. At school one sometimes dimly recognised something ineffably horrible when one saw a perverted schoolmaster bullying an angelic-looking boy; Melville allows us dimly to recognise a perversion of much the same kind here. Claggart fabricates against Billy a charge of incitement to mutiny, and reports him to Vere, the captain, a man of extreme nobility and perception. Vere is dubious of the charge, and sends for Billy. Billy is afflicted with a stammer—his one defect. When confronted with the charge he cannot speak; he answers Claggart in the only way he knows; he strikes him with all his force, and Claggart falls dead. Vere's sympathies are wholly with Billy; but a trial is inevitable; so are the verdict and the punishment. It is war-time; and the question of mutiny is a real thing, not to be treated lightly. Vere asks what is truth; but dare not stay for an answer. At dawn next day Billy is hanged at the yard-end.

As a character Billy meant a little more to Melville than could be expressed in prose. *Billy Budd* ends with a rather touching, unaccomplished effort to get into Billy's impenetrable mind by way of verse:

> But me, they'll lay me in hammock, drop me deep
> Fathoms down, fathoms down, how I'll dream fast asleep.
> I feel it stealing now. Sentry, are you there?
> Just ease these darbies at the wrist,
> And roll me over fair.
> I am sleepy, and the oozy weeds about me twist.

But the story as a whole remains more important than its parts or its separate characters. If we have any doubts about what it "means" to Melville, he puts them to rest by a few more of those touches which, for want of a proper word, I have called half-whimsical. Billy dies; "and, ascending, took the full rose of the dawn." The noble Captain Vere is felled shortly after by a musket-ball from a ship which has been re-named the *Athéiste*. And for years afterwards the spar from which Billy has hanged is kept trace of by the crew; to them, later, "a chip of it was as a piece of the Cross." . . . The creator of that and the white whale was to cherish his "ambiguities" to the end.

HENRY REED

* *Billy Budd*. By HERMAN MELVILLE. Introduction by William Plomer. *Lehmann*. 5s.

27 1947

PRESS AND PUBLIC

The Press the Public Wants. By KINGSLEY MARTIN. *Hogarth Press.* 8s. 6d.

The Royal Commission on the press has begun its labours but will not sit in public for some months. In the meantime, newspaper owners, and newspaper and journalistic organisations are preparing their evidence. Nobody in Fleet Street is trembling; there is no fear that even this Government will make the press less free or less profitable. The most that is hoped for of the Commission is that it will make the public more conscious of the press it has and perhaps create a demand for reform; the most that is feared is that it will expose to the general public newspaper practices already known and condemned by an intelligent minority.

Mr. Kingsley Martin's book is most useful at this stage. If any defence was needed of the Government's decision to set up the Commission, this book would provide it. The freedom of the press, argues Mr. Martin, is an essential principle of democratic government; the press, however, has become a great commercial organisation and about a dozen men are able to dictate what news and views are available to the newspapers that are read by the majority of people in this country.

How can the power that ownership gives be more widely spread, how can the press be rid of the evils which commercialism has produced without losing its other product, efficiency, and without, of course, impairing its vitality? These are the questions which the editor of the *N.S. & N.* raises and attempts to answer. If his solutions seemed to be rather tentatively advanced it is because the problems are peculiarly difficult. But he does at least succeed in making out a case for experiment.

Mr. Martin's first concern is for the health of our democracy. In the 20th century, he points out, we have all the advantages the pioneer democrats desired; universal education, the technical means of supplying everybody with information about their public affairs, universal suffrage, a government responsible to the people. Why, then, are we so dissatisfied with the information services which are the basis of democratic institutions?

Democracy, answers Mr. Martin, sprang from the desire of small communities to manage their own affairs, but developed into "a vast amorphous concatenation of illiterate, unrelated individuals." It has become difficult and often impossible for a person to test the facts which are presented to him against his own experience. Moreover, man is less politically minded than the Benthamites assumed; he has not a natural and sustained interest in affairs outside his experience and his judgment of them is less reasonable than was believed. The pioneers could not appreciate the strength of the unconscious drives on which newspapers and politicians have learned to play; and they did not foresee that the press would develop into a business so profitable that its political functions would be swamped.

In Victorian newspapers most of the space was given to politics, but they were written for the small number of educated people deeply interested in public affairs. Profits were modest and incidental. Then in 1896 Northcliffe came along and founded the halfpenny *Daily Mail* in the belief that the solemn politics of the other newspapers were uninteresting to a public just beginning to discover the extent and variety of the modern community. Mr. Martin acknowledges some of the virtues of the new journalism. "It served," he says, "as a sort of substitute for secondary education." I should go further and say that the popular newspaper has had great and beneficial influence on standards of dress, hygiene, diet, cookery and, above all, the treatment of children. But it has created its own shoddy and artificial values and provided "not so much a map of the social and political world as a revue or cinematograph in which one exciting event followed another; bright, enjoyable, even informated but unrelated and bewildering."

The new commercial journalism had a revolutionary influence; it was widely copied and turned the London newspaper into a national newspaper competing in every city with the old-established local organ. Above all, it offered a superb advertising medium and came in time to derive half its revenue from this source. Mr. Martin comes to the conclusion of other expert observers that direct attempts of advertisers to interfere with editorial policy are rare, but that as a rule the interests of a newspaper owner and his advertisers are so similar that there is no desire for intervention. The indirect effect of advertising on editorial content is, however, tremendous. Most advertisements are of consumer goods and it is the housewife who buys them. Therefore the newspaper must be read by women, and every advertisement manager would like to be able to prove that the majority of readers of his paper are the wives of prosperous and generous men. (His hardest task is to get advertisements for the sports pages.) I have worked for newspapers that would not publish a picture of a slum or even of a poor person because such subjects were thought to convey the impression that these papers had a back street circulation. And women who live in back streets have no money to spare for toothpaste and toilet soaps, etc.

In 1890, Mr. Martin estimates, perhaps a million people read daily newspapers. After fifty years of popularising and fewer of canvassing, billing, prize-giving, and insuring, about 18 million copies are sold each morning and the circulations of evening and Sunday newspapers and of periodicals are also vastly increased.

Obviously the electorate is much better informed about the events which concern it than it was in 1890; but anybody who canvassed in the last general election knows that the level of political knowledge and interest is still far too low. We may consider that the majority of voters made a wise decision; but how many did so for politically valid reasons? Labour, for example, is believed to have been substantially helped by the *Daily Mirror's* slogan addressed to soldiers' wives: "Vote for Him."

The depressing truth is that out of the 18 million copies of morning newspapers sold each day the serious newspapers (and one includes the borderline *Daily Telegraph*) sell less than two millions.

The evils and inadequacies of the British press are clear enough. What remedies are needed? As Mr. Martin says, nobody desires to remove the newspaper's right freely to publish news, to comment on it and criticise public authorities. But Britain, he says, is moving to the conclusion that power should only be exercised responsibly, as a public, not a private concern.

In the case of the press, we are seeking a form of organisation that will ensure responsibility while safeguarding liberty. The Webbs suggested that the greatest newspaper enterprise could be converted into a consumers' co-operative society. But could it? A co-operative, to function successfully, must consist of consumers who have some interests in common. But what binds the readers of the *Express* and the *Mail*? Surely it is only their liking for lively, gay, pugnacious newspapers that will not strain their concentration? An elected management committee of *Mail* or *Express* readers is beyond my imagination. Where the co-operative method does seem to be possible is in the establishment of local newspapers in the new towns or for the salvation of declining or threatened local papers.

Sir Norman Angell has suggested, Mr. Martin reports, that an addition should be made to the existing press of an official newspaper managed not by the Government but by a journalists' judiciary and having the freedom given to the B.B.C. This, Mr. Martin thinks, is a suggestion which a Socialist government might seriously consider, but he doubts whether it would be superior to *The Times* or *Manchester Guardian* as a source of truthful news.

He also looks with favour on the experiment in Czechoslovakia. There, no individual may own a newspaper. In Prague there are nearly 500 papers run by political parties, trade unions, co-operative societies and cultural bodies, and "this seems a natural pattern for a free press in a Socialist society." But is there any reason to suppose that a newspaper produced under the control of a party or trade union will be any less biased than one owned by an individual? Or even less commercial? We have such newspapers here, and it is not to the *Daily Herald, Reynolds News* or the *Daily Worker* that we go for impartial news. The *Worker* is far less commercial than the other two, but the selection and emphasis of the news columns of all of them are determined by their political outlook. Nor would their readers wish them to be different. They are, frankly, organs of propaganda.

There is a major problem for the editor of a popular newspaper which seems to be fundamental. How much time can we expect the average man and woman to devote to political study? Can we really expect them to have take even a fleeting interest in the woes of the Polish Peasant Party, the future of the Karens, the rights and wrongs of Pakistan, the compensation clauses of the Planning Bill, Palestine, Egypt, zonal fusion in Germany, etc.? Even the professional student of politics is swamped by the sheer quantity of new facts he is expected to absorb. A real interest in politics can only be taken to-day at the expense of every other cultural activity.

One of the strongest hopes for the immediate improvement of newspapers lies in the journalists themselves. It was they who demanded that the Royal Commission should be set up. "If," says Mr. Martin, "journalists themselves insist on higher standards, they can within each newspaper office achieve very important results." There is a movement now for better methods of recruitment and training. But it is not, of course, entirely a matter of education.

Put quite simply and possibly offensively, we journalists have to get back to the old-fashioned idea that our first duty is to record the truth as well as we are able to about the things which matter most. And we have to re-examine our techniques. We still act as though Northcliffe had said the last word about news values. It is not, after all, the wicked press lords who write the headlines, play up the cheaper forms of alleged human interest or devise make-ups which demand high-powered presentation of low-powered news. Just as the makers of films are discovering that it is possible to produce intelligent pictures that pay their way, so we should be able to find ways of producing fair and intelligent newspapers capable of appealing to the masses. The Royal Commission will be of great value even if it only causes us journalists to think more deeply about our craft.

JOHN BEAVAN

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Miracles: A Preliminary Study. By C. S. LEWIS. *Geoffrey Bles.* 10s. 6d.

"I use the word *Miracle*," says Mr. Lewis, "to mean an interference with nature by a supernatural power." A few pages farther on he asserts that there are only two alternatives: "naturalism" and "supernaturalism." Now if "naturalism" is so *defined* that it does not cover all that happens, then the "supernatural" is logically established. "But surely," you will say, "no one would be so . . ." On the contrary that is just what Mr. Lewis proceeds to do. He defines "Naturalism" as the belief that "all the things and events are so completely interlocked that no one of them can claim the slightest independence from 'the whole show,'" and he then goes on, quite legitimately, to point out that the validity of reasoning demands that this process should not be the result of irrational causes. There is something, then, which lies outside the network of causal laws, and, by definition, it is "supernatural." Furthermore, since man's rational decisions are causally operative, and therefore "interfere with nature,"

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miracles are common enough. However, this is only Mr. Lewis's fun: "you really believed in miracles all the time, without knowing." No, it is to produce more than a mere mouse that the mountain of argument has been constructed.

Something supernatural having been found, the next step—or rather leap—is taken with that agility for which Mr. Lewis is so justly renowned. We are warned of what is coming by the capital letter employed in the following apposition: ". . . the whole process of human thought, what we call Reason. . . ." We have taken the fateful step from verbs to nouns. We reason, of course, with our Reason, and that disastrous reification provides us with a delicious pseudo-problem. Where does Reason come from, and Who looks after it when we are not reasoning? There must be an "eternal self-existent Reason which neither slumbers nor sleeps." The relation between our Reason and REASON is a little obscure, but no matter; in the constitution of man Reason inserts itself in somewhat uncomfortable symbiosis with Nature. And eternal Reason? Well, having derived it by means of abstraction, Mr. Lewis tells us that abstraction is a very misleading process—it is, indeed—and so Reason must be a Person; in fact we guessed right: It is God.

Having shown that human Reason performs miracles every day it would be ridiculous to deny the same power of interference to God. The laws of nature are, after all, only hypothetical propositions: if A then B; we often provide the minor categorical premise, A; why should not God do the same? But Mr. Lewis is choosy about his miracles. The power to perform is there all right, but after all did He? Historical evidence alone will get you nowhere, and Mr. Lewis propounds two criteria: (1) an alleged miracle must be judged "by our 'innate sense of the fitness of things'"; and (2) "The credibility will depend on the extent to which the doctrine, if accepted, can illuminate and integrate" the whole mass of our knowledge. Now in Mr. Lewis's view the "Grand Miracle" was the Incarnation. It seems to have been designed to reconcile us to the selectivity, or "unfairness" which we complain of in Nature, and to the vicarious sacrifices which seem so outrageous, but which, did we know (as now we ought to) are really all right. It further demonstrates to us the principle of "descent and re-ascent," in which "everyone will recognise a familiar pattern: a thing written all over the world." But there is something else, something episodic. Death, it appears, was engineered by the Devil, but we can triumph over death if we accept it with humility. "But"—and here is the most mysterious passage—"only a Man who did not need to have been a Man at all unless He had chosen, only one who served in our sad regiment as a volunteer, yet also only one who was perfectly a Man, could perform this perfect dying; and thus . . . either defeat Death or redeem it." I have to confess that so far from making anything clearer to me, this hypothesis does the reverse. In fact one cannot help thinking that Mr. Lewis has really been constructing a hypothesis to make the Incarnation intelligible, rather than using the Incarnation to illuminate what we know already. However that may be, the rest of the New Testament miracles are interpreted on rather different lines. Some, such as the turning of water into wine, are merely performing in one place what God does in every vineyard, while the others—the Resurrection and the walking on the water—are foretastes of what is to come.

Mr. Lewis is, as we all know, a delightful companion; he is so very readable. Those of us, however, who cannot follow him over the first hurdles, will not be moved by the rest of his argument. The people who may well be assisted in the extension of their credulity are those who have already swallowed the Divine Camel but shrink from a miraculous gnat.

W. J. H. SPROTT

PILGRIMAGE TO ZION

Palestine Mission, A Personal Record. By RICHARD CROSSMAN, M.P. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Crossman opens this candid and revealing record of his experiences as a member of the Anglo-American Committee on Palestine with the confession that he had one qualification for its task, "the impartiality of total ignorance." The Middle East was never his parish—for many a year he had been absorbed in the study of Germany. But in fact he had another qualification. He saw Dachau a few days after the liberation while the dead were still being tossed with pitchforks on to carts and the living were barely able to crawl to hospital. For him the massacre of six million Jews was a fact.

The British members of the Committee started, he tells us "with a blankness towards the philosophy of Zionism which is virtually anti-Zionist. We have a feeling that the whole idea of a Jewish national home is a *dead end* out of which Britain must be extricated." When they began to take evidence in New York the propagandist statements of the Jewish witnesses acted on them as an irritant. They were "exasperated" by the "double loyalty" of Zionists to the National Home in Palestine and at the same time to their own exclusive communities within one of the Western democracies.

The Committee began to understand the causes of this tension and dualism in Jewish minds, only when they visited the German camps in which 98,000 survivors of the great massacre were still awaiting their restoration to some normal way of life. Many had degenerated into "sub-human" wrecks. Those who retained their grip on life were preparing themselves for the only hopeful future that beckoned them—work on the land in Palestine. It was not Zionist propaganda that had bred in the minds of at least 70 per cent of them a determination to go there and nowhere else. That was Hitler's work. It was he who "created in central and eastern Europe a Jewish nation without a home." Crossman tells us how some of the survivors of the Death-Camps did return to their former homes in Poland or elsewhere, to search for any surviving members of their families. They found their homes and places of work destroyed, and after long searching and many journeys they usually failed to find a single living relative. Then a crisis set in. Many committed suicide—one witness knew of fifteen cases in his own town. The rest fled. No Jew could stay alone in a town where every face into which he looked might be that of a murderer of his family. And whither, unless it were to Palestine could he go? For neither the United States nor the Dominions will open their doors, save to the fortunate few. Hitler has made for these survivors the simple choice between Zionism and ceasing to be Jews.

One understands why the British members of this Committee, who started out with no inclinations towards Zionism, ended by adopting a unanimous recommendation that 100,000 of these Jewish "displaced persons" should be settled in Palestine within a year. The interest of this very readable book increases as Crossman goes on to give his impressions first of Cairo and then of the Holy Land. He felt in Egypt, as I did in a recent glimpse of it, that the furious xenophobia of this ill-governed country may be a device for diverting the discontent of its impoverished masses from revolutionary courses. He found our "proconsuls" indifferent to all the social issues of the Middle East and absorbed in the strategy of the

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feud with Russia. In Palestine his fresh impressions confirmed my own memories of many years ago. He was startled by the transformation, physical and moral, which comes over the fugitives from European ghettoes, when they till the soil of a land which they believe to be theirs by divine decree and human law. On the other hand, though as individuals they may be good neighbours to the Arabs, he found them "tactless and uncomprehending of the Arab point of view," while the Arabs resent "the arrogance, wealth and superiority of the invaders."

Of the working of the Mandate and the British administration of Palestine, Crossman has nothing good to report. This police State is detested equally by Arabs and Jews. Only one or two of the British officials have any belief in the National Home and most of them are anti-Jewish and pro-Arab. The Jewish Agency has built up a State within a State, "the most efficient, dynamic, toughest organisation I have ever seen." Armed though they are with autocratic powers, these officials are no match for the Jews, "because they are infinitely less intelligent and have no policy of their own." They prefer the Arabs because of their "courtesy, humour and sportiness" but also, as a police officer put it "because the Arab is somehow below your level. If he was educated and your equal you mightn't like him so much." Much too little has been done to supply this lack of education. The aim, as a high official put it, is to train a small cultured élite: for the peasant masses elementary education is quite enough.

Here is Crossman's summing-up of our record:

> Sentimentally pro-Arab, the British administrator had long since given up even the pretence of fostering the national home. He had forced the Jew to rely on himself, to build up his own social services and his own home guard. He had lamentably failed to assist the impoverished Arab peasant and had permitted the rich Arab landowner to evade his taxes and his social responsibilities. Blatantly he had shown his preference for a backward community which he could patronise . . . Then, when the invasion of Palestine by the Germans seemed imminent, he had discovered that his Arab friends were completely indifferent to the result of the war and unprepared to assist in the defence of the country. Eating his pride, the Englishman had turned to the Jewish Agency to assist him and relied for the defence of the country not only on the Haganah but even on the Irgun. He had trained Jewish youth in sabotage and guerilla warfare and supplied . . . the Haganah with arms and equipment. Then, when the German danger receded, he had once more reversed his attitude, and proscribed as illegal the forces which a few weeks before, had formed an essential part of his defences. The more I studied the Palestine problem the more doubtful I became whether any tolerable accommodation was possible between the British Administration and the Jews.

From this view of our record, it is a short way to the conclusion that we should wind up our responsibilities in Palestine as quickly as possible. The only way to do that, without subjecting Arabs to Jewish domination, or Jews to the Arab majority, is to adopt the solution of partition. The Palestinian Jews will then stand on their own feet "not as exiled Europeans, but as a Middle Eastern people fit and able to co-operate with its Middle Eastern neighbours." But our record in Palestine can be judged only in the framework of our whole policy in the Middle East. It is one of the main themes of this book that "British interests in the Middle East can not be defended by shoring up the existing system and preparing for a war against Russia." The way to do it is "by offering to the poverty-stricken and diseased millions a democratic and Socialist alternative to Communist revolution."

Doubtless this Committee served its purpose: it gave the Foreign Office a good excuse for postponing any awkward decision for four months. When it did report, Mr. Bevin chose to forget the pledge he gave it "that if we achieved a unanimous report he would personally do everything in his power to put it into effect." But that is a trifle among the Party's broken pledges over Palestine. One good thing has come out of an otherwise futile mission. It has given Crossman the material for the most illuminating book about Palestine published for many a long year. It is unique in this, that though its author was not and did not become a partisan, he none the less arrives at clear-cut conclusions. His account of how he reached them is the best introduction to this thorny subject the unbiased reader could desire. My only regrets are that Crossman discusses neither the difficult details of partition nor the promise of the Jordan Valley scheme. But where he has given so much and told his tale so well, why ask for more?

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BERLIN STORY

Berlin Twilight. By W. BYFORD-JONES. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

"Anybody can write a three-volumed novel. It merely requires a complete ignorance of both life and literature." Since Wilde's day the reporter has taken the place of the female novelist as the greatest menace to the art of writing. How weary one is of "vivid" writing, interspersed with verbatim reports of speeches, served up in a breathless last-train-from-Europe style (now curiously inappropriate) and eked out by banal moralising! The author of this book should realise that it is not enough to slap down raw experiences in a notebook and rehash them into chapters. If the book is about the new era in Berlin life why is so much space devoted to the inquest on Hitler's death and a visit to Nuremberg? If, on the other hand, it is an attempt at an epilogue to Nazi Germany, why are we treated to a dissertation on Berlin politics and Allied control? As it stands, the book has neither shape nor purpose. The author buckles down to his encounter with life, it must be allowed; but he has yet to encounter literature.

The section of German politics is spoilt by the author not showing sufficient understanding of the complicated issues behind the attempted fusion of the S.P.D. and K.P.D. No reference is made to the role of the Communists before 1933. Moreover, in an account of Berlin politics it is almost incredible that no mention is made of the work of the Kommandatura on which the Russians displayed great skill at out-manœuvring their slower-witted opponents for several months. The significance of the struggle for control of the trade unions and the penetration and capture of the Berlin police force by the N.K.V.D. during this period are also hardly mentioned. The *underground* struggle between the Four Powers, in which the German administration and politicians play the part of counters, does not emerge from this account.

By far the best part of the book is that which

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deals with the lives of Berliners. Colonel Byford-Jones writes with sympathy for the appalling lot of the civilian population, and his descriptions of the refugees arriving at the Lehrter and Stettiner railway stations is horrifying and true. He describes the collapse of moral standards, the widespread prostitution, racketeering, the vast Black Market which grips a country that is on the verge of starving and whose houses and factories lie in ruins. Berlin night-life, which revived soon after the fall of the city, is adequately reported, though some details, such as the cellar clubs, are missing. One of the most singular sights was the emergence of those who used before 1933 to frequent bars like the Silhouette and Kleistcasino and whose appearance in August 1945 made one think that the graves had given up their dead.

Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

Finally one should praise the effort the author has made in presenting impartially the case of each of the Allies and in avoiding anti-Russian bias. But sympathy with the feelings of the average Allied soldier is not enough; one must display insight into the political and economic problems facing the Four Powers and how they were reflected in the work of the Commission in Berlin. No doubt reticence and loyalty prevented the author dilating on the tergiversations and lack of policy which all Four Powers displayed; but without occasionally taking the lid off, readers are as badly off as the Bisto Kids, catching the smell at several removes.

NOEL ANNAN

EINSTEIN ON MOZART

Mozart: His Character, His Work. By ALFRED EINSTEIN. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Dr. Einstein is one of the greatest Mozart scholars in an age of great Mozartian scholarships (and how pleasant it is, for once, to be able to pay ourselves that kind of compliment!). His monumental Third Edition of the Köchel Catalogue revealed his familiarity with every corner of Mozart's richly documented life and environment; and I am delighted that he should have decided to compress his vast knowledge into the space of a solid but not unwieldy monograph. I know of no more valuable study of a great composer in the English language.

In the English language? Well, let us clear up the question of translation straight away. Dr. Einstein's text has been translated into American, so that we have to put up with "measure" for "bar," and "sixteenth notes" and "thirty-second notes" which Americans so oddly prefer to "semi-quavers" and "demi-semi-quavers." It is more difficult to remember that "voice-leading" means "part-writing" (is this really good American?) and that compositions can be described as "pretentious" without any apparent derogatory intention. As for the reference to Anton Stoll as "a man . . . who looked out for Constanze a bit," I confess that it leaves me guessing.

For the first part of his book Dr. Einstein has adopted an unusual but successful plan: instead of relating once more the well-known external facts of Mozart's life, he has chosen to discuss his character and circumstances under a series of subject headings. A curiously vivid and unconventional portrait emerges. Mozart adored above all things travelling, was bored by country life and indifferent to visual impressions—except where human beings were concerned. His eye for character and behaviour, however, was extremely sharp; so was his tongue, which made enemies widely among those who were (as he and they well knew) his inferiors in talent. He had the name of being a bad colleague, and all his adult portraits, however contradictory in other respects, show an apprehensive, melancholy, distrustful eye. No wonder; he laboured all his brief adult life under a sense of unmerited failure; his triumphs were few (and slight compared with those of his childhood), his disappointments many. The most serious was his inability to obtain a good court position; Joseph II thought *Figaro* had "too many notes." The most aristocratic of composers was the least subservient of men; lack of full recognition only made him more cheeky and resentful, even sour. One feels that the adorable gaiety, so marked in his boyhood, only needed the sun of success and financial freedom to reappear; with *Zauberflöte*, success was at last just round the corner—but so was Death! Those begging letters of his last years to Puchberg are painful reading; how was it that the Viennese aristocracy, who put up with anything from Beethoven, failed to see the point of Mozart—just as, a few decades later, they were to fail to see the point of Schubert? The musical history of Vienna is glorious; but it is also shameful.

The music is treated by Dr. Einstein in categories, the instrumental works leading up to their climax in the piano concertos, the vocal works to theirs in the five great operas. It is an admirably thorough *catalogue raisonné*, conveniently indexed according to the numerical order of the Köchel catalogue. Particularly valuable to the amateur is the placing of Mozart's music against the general background of his time; and I hope that concert promoters will heed Dr. Einstein's eloquent defence of the church music against the largely irrelevant objections of its critics. His most constant theme is the perfect fusion in Mozart's mature works of the two styles that were then so rigidly opposed: the *galant*, rococo or social style; and the more contrapuntal or "learned." What Joseph II was really objecting to was the fertilisation of the purely *galant* by the learned.

In a book of close on 500 pages one cannot expect to be convinced by everything. Is not Dr. Einstein too ready to see thematic resemblances between Mozart and his contemporaries, and to discover "personality" symbolism in an ordinary alternation of *forte* and *piano* passages (quoted on page 213) and "unmistakable" erotic allusion in another quotation (page 210) which consists merely of a theme accompanying itself in inversion? What does he mean by the statement (page 155) that in the *allegro* of the Prague Symphony "almost a dozen motives are combined"? Why is he so certain that the rape of Donna Anna before the curtain rises is no mere attempt, but a *fait accompli*? Doubtless there are good reasons, or explanations, for all these things; but they don't transpire. Well chosen and carefully reproduced illustrations confirm the impression that this book, unlike so many to-day, is excellent value for money.

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It is surprising that no one has so far compared Mrs. Yancey Williams to Miss E. M. Delafield, for both have much in common. This book (a sequel to *Father was a Handful*) could be more than favourably compared to *The Diary of a Provincial Lady*; it is fresh, naive (as Mrs. Williams confesses herself, she could never grow up), witty, and penetrating. Though the setting is the "deep south" of Virginia and the time 1913, the events recorded in this book might well have taken place in an English village during the Reign of Victoria. The careful behaviour; the shrinking from the word "sex"; an avoidance of all facts of life; children should be seen and not heard—these, and a dozen more characteristics seem odd when grafted on to the American way of life. But it all gave Rebecca material as she sat at night, a precociously

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The Yorkshire Post
The Newspaper of the North

YP47

bright child, an Alice-in-Wonderland with a Thurber sense of humour, doing a " lady-like " task in writing her diary :

> There are many things, of course, which I don't understand yet. My little brother only last week, when he came back from Sunday School, said : " Mother, will you explain this ? At Sunday School we sing,
>
> ' Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
> Bless thy little lamb to-night.'
>
> And then I come home and we have roast lamb for dinner." But even Mother couldn't explain it.

Nothing is sacred to a humourist : love, adult behaviour with its seriousness and assumption of responsibilities, vanity, parents, parties and party frocks, catastrophes, all have their funny points. The iron has never entered Mrs. William's soul and it is doubtful whether it ever will. This book should have the effect of benzedrine on the reader.

Week-end Competitions

No. 901

Set by Sam Smiles

Six guineas are offered for the best English verses translating Goethe's *Anakreons Grab*. Entries by June 3rd.

Wo die Rose hier blüht, wo Reben um Lorbeer sich schlingen,
Wo das Turtelchen lockt, wo sich das Grillchen ergötzt,
Welch ein Grab ist hier, das alle Götter mit Leben
Schön bepflanzt und geziert ? Es ist Anakreons Ruh.
Frühling, Sommer und Herbst genoss der glückliche Dichter ;
Vor dem Winter hat ihn endlich der Hügel geschützt.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 898

Set by W. R.

King Charles has just been restored to Whitehall and Queen Anne to Queen Anne's Gate. Competitors are invited to write twelve lines of verse celebrating either one of these events in the style respectively of Marvell or Pope ; or both together in the style of Macaulay.

Report by W. R.

Queen Anne was not removed but walled up, King Charles, I fancy, stood in a field. In any case, I have not in judging concerned myself with any errors competitors may have made on such points. The Macaulays were few and unremarkable, nor did any entry catch the music of Pope. I recommend a guinea each to R. J. P. Hewison, L. E. J., David M. Graham, Shok and Pibwob ; half a guinea each to Hassall Pitman and H. C. M. Other particularly good entries came from William Bliss, Willy Tadpole, P. Ryder-Smith and Terence Melican.

CAROLVS REDVX.

See now the *Royal Horseman* come
Safe home from warr's *Exilium ;*
Who with a calmer Mien
Reviews thaccustom'd Scene,

But spite of Mount and Pedestal
Sees not (too farr along *White-hall*)
Where eke in Effigy
His iron Enemy

Stands, yet does rather indicate
A people's loves at lower rate.
For *Charles* we shelter find,
Cromwel is left behind.

R. J. P. Hewison

As one who some fell Wolf has slain
To his stuffed Ermine turns again,
And with Indulgence eyes
That much-diminished prize ;

So we, who late did Europe free
From unimagined Tyranny,
Our graven Tyrant call
Back to his Pedestal,

Whereon to us (from Blood and Fear
But newly weaned) he doth appear
A little wayward Boy
That spoiled, then broke, his Toy. L. E. J.

Behold how envious time derides
The violence of regicides,
And studies, now he's dead
To save the monarch's head :

How hidden in a nameless vault,
He 'scaped aerial assault,
And bloodier bombs do fail,
Where th' axe did once prevail.

Preserved anew from war's alarm,
Harmless and sacrosanct from harm,
He raises in Whitehall
The head which there did fall.

David M. Graham

In th' incurious Traffique's maze
The fixèd Rider stands at gaze
Adowne that Streete wher *Fate*
For his vow'd Life did waite.

He mingled with his finer Sense
Unhandy Sleight, Weak Violence,
Untill his Banquett Roome
Open'd into his Tombe.

For who (beyond his Genius bold)
Strives *Time's* resistless Wheele to hold
Must as that Bronze be cast
Hard, or hee breaks at last.

Shok

Resurgent from the grave, to front
His ghostly scaffold's fatal brunt,
The King rides into view
In bronzen state anew.

Forgotten now that ancient feud
Whose judgment, cast in arms, subdued
A Cæsar's pride to feel
The axe's forcèd zeal.

Now unus'd loyalty can burn
To greet with joy our King's return,
And our glad welcome crown
The head we once cast down.

Pibwob

Cobweb and dust of lumber swept away
The Queen stands blinking in the light of day.
Perched on a plinth, the comfortable dame
Peers o'er the gate that bears her homely name.
Round her no more intriguing Statesmen throng,
She hears no scandal, and she feels no wrong
Though maid was mistress and the Queen her slave
Past caring now how termagants behave.
His meagre art the plodding sculptor plied.
Immortalized her not, but petrified.
And petrifaction in that stony head
Affirms the sombre truth, Queen Anne is dead.

Hassall Pitman

In no royal bed, but sheltered in a vault,
Secure from Hitler's murderous assault
Queen Anne reposed. One morn a rumour shook
The Ministry of Works and it awoke
" Peace has returned." The rumour bolder grew
And even official circles claimed it true.
Pens set to work, clerks o'er their writing bent
With argument and counter argument
Till at the last emerged the fateful word,
" Let Queen Anne's effigy be disinterred."
Then, lorry borne and destitute of State,
Our good Queen Anne returned to Queen Anne's Gate.

H. C. M.

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The annual meetings of the Norwich Union Insurance Societies were held at Norwich on the 27th and 28th instant. Speaking at the Fire Society's meeting the chairman, Sir Robert Bignold, said : This Society was founded by my great-great-grandfather, Thomas Bignold, in 1797 ; thus this year marks the 150th year of its existence. During the past year the premium income was the highest in this long history of the Society. During 1946 the fire premium income has increased by £514,535 to £3,267,320. The amount of profit at £118,405 is an improvement on last year's figures.

The Accident account transfer this year amounts to £44,607. It is gratifying to note an expansion in premiums of £487,754, making a total income in the Accident account of £2,368,130. The net Marine premiums amounted to £469,864, an increase of £22,370. The directors have decided to transfer a sum of £150,000 to profit and loss account. The total assets amount to £9,558,677, an increase of £406,076.

Sir Robert Bignold also presided at the Life Society's annual meeting at which he said : At the end of 1938 our total Funds were £48,124,000 ; at the end of last year they had increased to £63,723,000. In 1938 our total new business was £11,755,700 and last year the record figure of £23,597,000. Our Premium Income has increased from £4,550,000 to £6,090,000 and during the eight years we have paid out £9,700,000 in claims by death and £20,000,000 by maturity of policies.

The reports were adopted.

Appointments Vacant

CIVIL Service Commission. Applics. invited for post of Asst. Psychologist in Research Unit of the Civil Service Commission, London, which will become vacant early in July. Main duties: (1) Job analysis and planning of appropriate selection procedures, (2) Construction and experimental try-out of intelligence, aptitude, and analogous tests. (3) Psychological aspects of follow-up, e.g., design of report forms and liaison with reporting officers. Appointment will be temporary, terminable at one month's notice on either side. Applicants should pref. have an Honours degree in Psychology and practical exp. under some of the three headings listed above. Exp. of interviewing and some knowledge of statistics would be helpful, but are not absolutely essential. Incl. salary will be on range £540–£690 for a man, or £432–£552 for a woman, the starting point to be fixed according to age, qualifics. and exp. Further information and forms of applic., obtainable on written request to Secy., Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1., quoting No. 1890. Completed applic. forms must be recd. at Civil Service Commission by June 14, 1947.

B.B.C. invites applics. from men, for post of Programme Assistant in Overseas News Dept. of the News Division. Applicants should have a wide general knowledge, especially of international affairs, and thorough journalistic exp., including exp. of feature work. They must be able to analyse rapidly and concisely the news of the day and provide intelligent background to it; they should also be prepared to discuss general subjects with speakers who are invited to broadcast. Selected candidate must himself pass a test of broadcasting ability and will be reqd. to work on shift. Max. starting sal. £950 p.a., rising to £1,100 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Overseas News" within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose stamped addsd. envelope.

UNIVERSITY of Manchester. Applics. invited for following posts: Lecturer in Public Administration, Lecturer in Accounting. Duties to commence Sept. 29, 1947. Salary of Lecturer between £500 and £800 p.a. All applics. must be sent not later than June 14 to Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. The Council of the College invites applics. for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Mathematics. Salary £450 p.a. Appointment will date from October 1, 1947. Further partics. may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applics. must be received on/before June 21, 1947.

UNIV. of Liverpool. Applics. invited for post of Asst. Lecturer (Grade III) in Econs., at salary scale of £425–£25–£475 p.a. Applics., stating age, academic qualifics., and exp., together with names of three refs., should be received by June 13, by Stanley Dumbell, Registrar, from whom particulars of the conditions of appointment may be obtained.

UNIV. of Liverpool. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Lecturer (Grade III) in Department of Modern History, at a salary scale of £425–£25–£475 p.a. Candidates should possess special qualifics. in History of the 19th Century. Applics., stating age, academic qualifics., and exp., together with names of three refs., should be recd. by June 13, by Stanley Dumbell, Registrar, from whom partics. of conditions of appointment may be obtained.

OXFORD Tutorial Classes Ctee. invite applics. for a Full-time Tutor in North Staffs. Candidates should possess a good Hons. Degree and should be qualified to teach History and Politics (incl. Local Government) in adult classes. Partics. from Secretary, Rewley House, 1 Wellington Sq., Oxford. Closing date June 28.

ESSEX C.C. County Planning Dept. Applics. invited for follg. appointments on established staff of County Council in the office of Mr. Longstreth Thompson, B.Sc., F.S.I., A.M.Inst.C.E., P.P.T.P.I., the County Planning Adviser: 6 Senior Planning Assistants, Grade VI, A.P.T.D., salary £535–£600 p.a. 4 Planning Assistants, each at a salary not exceeding the maximum for Grade III, A.P.T.D., £435 p.a. 3 Planning Assistants, each at salary not exceeding max. for Grade II, A.P.T.D., £405 p.a. Persons appointed to these posts will also be paid such war bonus, as the County Council may from time to time decide. At present the rates are 23s. p.w. for men and 18s. 6d. p.w. for women. Applicants for posts as Senior Planning Assistant must be Corporate Members of the Town Planning Institute. Successful candidates will be stationed in various parts of the County, incl. Colchester, Waltham Abbey, Chelmsford, Southend-on-Sea, Leytonstone and Braintree. Canvassing, directly/indirectly, will disqualify. Applics. should be made on forms obtainable from County Planning Adviser, Pearl Assurance Buildings, Chelmsford, to whom they should be returned with copies of not more than three testimonials (which will not be returned) as soon as possible.

COOYAL Arsenal Co-op. Society, Ltd., invite applics. for position of Book Buyer. Post is a new one and successful applicant will be responsible for organisation and development of new book sections in a number of Society's departmental stores, and should be competent to advise on question of suitable fittings, stock control, staff training, etc., and be capable of handling staff. Only applics. from men who have held similar position, with previous buying exp., and who have a wide knowledge of general book market in all its aspects considered. Apply in writing, stating age, salary reqd., and giving full partics. of prev. exp. (which will be treated in confidence) to Staff Manager, Royal Arsenal Co-op. Socy., Ltd., 113 Powis St., S.E.18. Endorse env. "Book Buyer."

Appointments Vacant—continued

GOVERNOR Class IV (Women) reqd. to act as Deputy Governor of H.M. Prison, Manchester. Desirable qualifics. include exp. in Administration, in training of women/girls, and in handling of staff. Appointment will demand organising ability and a keen interest in rehabilitation of delinquents. Appointment will be pensionable, at an incl. salary of £465, rising to £545. Free quarters, or an allowance in lieu, will be granted. Candidates should have been between 25 and 45 on January 1. Applic. forms from Establishment Officer, Prison Commission, Horseferry House, Thorney St. S.W.1. To be returned by June 14.

THE Miners' Welfare Commission invites applics. for appointment of Assistant Auditor. Candidates must be Chartered Incorporated or Certified Accountants and be under 35. Salary between £430–£500 p.a. (London rate) and location of appt. will be temporarily in Ashtead (Surrey) and permanently in London later. Successful applicant will be eligible for entry into Staff Pension Scheme after one year's satisfactory service. Applic. forms from Establishment Section, Miners' Welfare Commission, Ashley Court, Ashtead, Surrey.

L.C.C., Major Establishment. Post-war reconstruction examination for vacancies accrued during wartime suspension of recruitment will commence July 21 in London. Two-thirds of vacancies reserved for ex-Service candidates. Simplified exam. in English, Arithmetic, Gen. Knowledge and Intelligence Test to qualify for interview by Selection Board. Candidates must have been 18½ and under 26 on August 1, 1946, and have had full-time educ. to age 17 or possess Higher School Cert. or equiv. Permanent careers with good prospects. Salary £240–£20–£300–£25–£350. Starting point depends on age on appointment. Applic. forms (A.V.1) and particulars from Clerk of the Council (d), County Hall, S.E.1: Must be returned by June 16 (stamped add. env. nec.). (3330.)

KENT Educ. Ctee. Applics. invited for appointment as Drama Adviser, who will spend about one-third of his or her time in advisory work in schools, and two-thirds in work amongst adult groups. Salary on Grade V of the National Scale of Salaries for Local Government Officers (£460, rising by annual increments of £15 to £510 p.a., plus temporary war addition, at present about £60 (men), £48 (women)). Further partics. from the County Education Officer, Springfield, Maidstone (on receipt of stamped addr. env.), to whom applics., stating age, qualifics. and exp., with names and addresses of three refs., should be sent by June 14. Applics. submitted previously may be renewed by letter.

OXFORD, Reqd. Sept., qualif. Domestic Science Teacher as Lady Warden, for entire charge with assistant of small Housecraft School (12 resident students), established 1938. Rooms all year if desired. Apply Margaret L. Lee, M.A., Wychwood Sch. Tel. Oxf. 3411.

FAMILY Case Worker, woman, over 25, is reqd. by Northumberland and Tyneside Council of Social Service to assist in the case work, Old People's Welfare, and advisory services, and to give special attention to the rural area. Candidates should hold a cert. in Social Science or equivalent qualification. Some exp. essential. Comm. salary £250. Further partics. (stamped addl. env.), from the Director, 17 Ellison Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1.

KENT Education Committee. Applics. invited for joint appointment to resident posts Superintendent and Matron Harriersham Remand Home (accommodates about 35 boys). Sal. for Superintendent: Burnham Scale Headship Grade I according to exp. (£330 by £15 to £570). Superintendent must be qualified teacher. Matron: £150 by £10 to £200. Full residential emoluments in addition to sals. Application forms and partics. from County Education Officer, Springfield, Maidstone, to whom applic. should be made as soon as possible.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School reqs. S(a) at Boarding School, Stanford Pk., nr. Rugby, Swinford 50, English Master and a Kindergarten Teacher (pref. couple) offering Painting/Acting/Games; (b) at Day School, 58 Eton Ave., N.W.3. PRI. 4306, Asst. Master for Gen. Sci., Carpentry, Games for up to 14's.

SHERWOOD (Co-ed. Community) School, Epsom, reqs. Domestic Helper, September. Tel. Epsom 9125.

REQD. in September, Kindergarten teacher for progressive school in North London. Applications to Principal, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3.

BEDE House Association. Applics. invited for 2 posts; Warden of Settlement and Club Leader for a new youth centre (men or women). Sal. according to qualifics. Flat available for married man. Apply Bede House, 351 Southwark Park Rd. S.E.16.

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SHTD./Typist reqd. by International Voluntary Service for Peace, 34 Broadway, S.W.1. Whi. 1461. Hostel accom. available.

ASST. Shorthand Typist and Telephone Operator reqd. by Export Firm. 8.30–5 p.m. daily, alternate Sats. 8.30–12. Office within 10 mins. walk of London Bridge, Waterloo, Borough, Elephant and Castle Stns. Sal. £4 10s. p. wk. Write/call: British General Mfg. Co. (1941), Ltd., 38 Glasshill St. S.E.1.

JUNIOR shorthand typist, pref. with some exp., reqd. for progressive post in Trade Union office. Good salary and conditions. Apply A. Sc. W., 15 Half Moon St. W.1.

COUPLE wanted, cook housekeeper and gardener in co-ed. school (food reform). Would suit intelligent couple interested in education. Box 5637.

Appointments Vacant—continued

NURSERY: Nurse qualified, wanted at Eton Avenue Nursery. References essential. 40 Eton Ave. N.W.3.

MOTHER'S Help wanted; small house N.W. London. Girl 6½, baby 1. Comfortable room. Good wages and conditions. No rough work. Write giving full particulars. Box 6035.

FEMALE Artist Designers reqd. by large manufacturing firm in S. London. Good designing ability and sense of colour. Only those with proved ability need apply. Write exp. and sal. reqd. Box 7070.

PROFESSIONAL couple req. woman to take charge of year-old boy and assist with housekeeping. Daily maid kept. Sml. house, 40 mins. London. No objection to child. Box 6419.

HOUSEKEEPER required by single gentleman for central heated flat in West End. Live in. Good appearance and references essential. Apply in writing to: A. T. Smith, 421 Park West, W.2.

MAN of moderate means left with sole custody of a children (8 and 5) requires full-time housekeeper. Young woman with progressive outlook preferred. Would consider woman with child. Box 6369.

Appointments Wanted

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YOUNG Dutch girl, studying English, wd. welcome paid job in congenial London home. Shorthand-typing, willing help in house, fond of children. Box 6322.

MUSIC Teacher. Expd. in Engl. and American prog. methods, wishes connection with school in/nr. Lond. Creative approach to Piano, Aural-training, Composition, etc. Box 6326.

C.O., 24, Inter B.Sc., wishing to train civil engineering, skts. position engineers'/drawing office, London area; no prev. experience. Box 6327.

YOUNG fully qualified nurse desires to use her capabilities outside hospital. Any suggestions welcome. Box 6346.

EXPERIENCED Secretary, lady (27), requires responsible post; not commercial; good references, sh./typing. Box 6348.

BACHELOR, 40, seeks employment abroad with relief society or similar organisation, pref. in Europe. Services in return for subsistence or small salary. Good driver, widely travelled, used to hard living. Would take language course if necessary. Box 6353.

MAN seeks interesting job, 20 years accounts, office experience. Taught Maths., English, spare time and written occasional articles. Organised drama company. Box 6359.

YOUNG Swiss lady, grad. Lausanne Univ., at present Prof. Ecole Vinet, Lausanne, skts. post Aug./Sept./Oct., fluent Fr., Ger., Engl. Lessons against board lodging. Keen sports. Reply Mdlle. N. Friederich, Dapples 9, Lausanne.

INTELLIGENT young Scotsman (27), independent, gd. taste, sound commer. trng., int. lit., theatre, music, skts. worthwhile prog. post in any capacity with future, in/nr. London. Box 6389.

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WOMAN, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ac.S., 33, wants exp. running small scientific or professional society. Box 6420.

Personal

TWO Ex-Serv. Undergrads. req. vacation work, June-July. Box 7198.

EX-Serviceman disabled requires beads, broken links, etc. Nominal price gratefully offered. Quinn, 73 Willowdale Rd., L'pool, 9.

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EDUCATED young girl seeks home with Jewish family in London. Box 6315.

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